

The Sketch

No. 1044.—Vol. LXXXI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



WITH THE BETROTHAL ROSE: FRÄULEIN EVA VON DER OSTEN AS OCTAVIAN IN DR. RICHARD STRAUSS'S MOZARTIAN OPERA. "DER ROSENKAVALIER," WHICH IS TO BE PRESENTED AT COVENT GARDEN TO-NIGHT.

It is arranged that the Thomas Beecham Grand Opera and Russian Ballet season shall open at Covent Garden to-night, Wednesday, Jan. 29, with Dr. Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," which was presented for the first time, at Dresden, early in 1911. Count Octavian, the Rose Cavalier, is so called because he undertakes, on behalf of Sophie von Faninal's fiancé, Baron Ochs von Lerchenau, the duty of presenting her, according to old Viennese custom, with the silver rose of betrothal, a symbol somewhat analogous to our engagement-ring. The period of the opera, which is Mozartian and includes an exceptional number of waltzes, is the time of Maria Theresa, and the scene is laid in old Vienna. Fräulein Eva von der Osten is the original Rosenkavalier.—[Photograph by Martin Herzfeld.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



Winter in Bed. In one of my daily papers this morning, there is a "story" of a lady who always spent the winter in bed, being afraid of catching cold. Most people, I suppose, will smile when they read that story, and yet it is not at all a bad idea to spend the winter in bed if you feel like it. I am sure it is better for people to stay in bed than to get up and huddle over the fire. Whilst they remain in bed, the limbs are stretched out, the lungs are free to do such light work as may be required of them, and the heart is rested. When people are huddled over the fire, the limbs are cramped, the lungs are cramped, and the heart is cramped.

Again, people who spend the winter in bed—and there are a large number of people in these islands who do that—escape a great deal more than the whistling winds. They escape the wear and tear of daily life; they escape the inevitable little trials of the daily domestic round; they escape the necessity of being polite to those in whom they take no interest or to whom they are wholly antipathetic; they escape meals that they do not require and drinks that they do not want.

Yes, there is a great deal to be said for the life in bed. I have always been an advocate of it. I could not endure it myself, being of a very active temperament, but I could name quite a lot of people who would be better in bed than out of it, not only in the winter, but in the summer as well. Lists on application. (As my post-bag is already in a very congested state, I had better add that I do not mean that.)

Too Much "Boat-Race."

I see that the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race is once again coming to the front as an item of daily news. It cannot be more than a fortnight, I am sure, since the last one was rowed. This Boat-Race business is becoming a perpetual nightmare. The papers are never free from the names, and the weights, and the portraits of those eighteen quite nice but not wildly interesting young gentlemen who convey those pieces of plank from Putney to Mortlake.

Life is too quick, nowadays, for these annual events. In the old days, a year was a very long time. To-day, a year is a very short time. Time is measured, not by the clock, but by the human consciousness of it. An hour may last a year, and a year but an hour. In the old days, when there was not much doing, and people stayed at home a great deal, they had time to forget all about one Boat-Race before the next came along. To-day, the course is scarcely cleared, and the tugs put away, and the shouting over, before the whole thing begins again.

I wish to suggest, in all seriousness, that the Inter-'Varsity Boat-Race shall be rowed once every three years instead of every year. This will give the crews plenty of time to get well together, and the interest in the race will be more than trebled. The race will be representative of a full 'Varsity generation, so that, in after-years, a man will say, "Who won the race in your time?" I shall forward a copy of this issue to the Captains of the O.U.B.C. and C.U.B.C.

"Hostess" and Her Friend.

"The type of female which I most frankly abhor to-day," writes "Hostess," "is the un-emotional woman. If she is beautiful she is dull, and if she is plain she resembles a slice of cold fish, which is one of the most uninteresting things in the world."

None the less, "Hostess" has just been entertaining a "slice of cold fish." One wonders why. She must have known that her friend was a slice of cold fish. She must have known that she belonged to the type which she "most frankly abhorred." Why,

then, ask the poor creature to the house? Neither the hostess nor the guest could possibly derive any pleasure from the visit. Still, "Hostess" had a good try. She continues—

"I have just been entertaining one of these icily splendid ladies. She has expressed no pleasure nor surprise at my almost frenzied efforts to entertain her." That, I think, was rather nice of the icily splendid lady. If anybody made frenzied efforts to entertain me—if, for example, my host had himself shot in at the door by a catapult, bounced up and down by the footmen, and finally flung through the window into the garden—I feel sure that I should express surprise. It would be bad manners, but I should do it. This perfect guest, who has had all these horrid things written about her since she brought her visit to an end, "solidly ate through the dainty meal which cook and I had planned for her delight." She had been well brought up, unluckily.

But worse follows.

Impossible to Please.

"Nor," adds "Hostess," "could I discern any disgust on her face the evening the soup was burnt. In vain I sought for some form of entertainment which would really please her."

Thus, at last, I am bound to side with "Hostess." I can see quite clearly how she felt about it. It is evident that, when she has a guest in the house, one evening is set apart for the crowning pleasure of the visit. This is the evening when the soup is burnt. By the side of this evening, all the other evenings of the week, joyous as they may be, are insignificant. I can see "Hostess" and Cook, hand-in-hand, breathless with the pleasure of giving pleasure, watching the soup burn. "Now," they cry, dancing about the kitchen, "now it sizzles! Can't you hear it, darling? How pleased, how delighted our guest will be!"

And then came the blow. This icy lady even resisted the fascinations of the burnt soup. "In vain I sought for some form of entertainment which would really please her." I know! I know! A kind soul in agony!

"A true woman," she concludes, with bitter wisdom, "should always be doing impulsive things—buying expensive hats which she doesn't want because they are said to be reduced in price; putting all her money into wild ventures like poultry-farms or hat-shops; giving to beggars; pitying idle young men—all these add to her charm."

Ah, ah, seared little soul!

An Insult to Cows.

The President-Elect of the French Republic has started badly. According to the Paris correspondent of one of my daily papers, M. Poincaré has given utterance to the following extraordinary, malicious, and libellous statement: "I think one ought to absorb all one can from the field of life, like sheep graze. Cows eat so carelessly, and cows are always stupid."

Surely, friend the reader, this is a very serious statement. In this country, at any rate, the cow is honoured above all animals, except the horse. I know of one dairy, not very far from London, which keeps its cows down at Brighton so that the animals may have the benefit of the freshest and purest and most bracing air obtainable. The milkmaids go down to Brighton by motor-car, morning and evening, to milk the cows. Should we pay that attention to an animal that ate carelessly? French cows may eat carelessly. In all probability, they are more excitable than the English cow, and just snatch at anything. English cows, however, eat with the greatest care. I have watched them doing it for hours.

In other matters, I may say, M. Poincaré seems to me an ideal person for the Presidency.

DE ROTHSCHILD — PINTO: A MOST INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT.



*Miss Dorothy Pinto,
Daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Eugene Pinto.*



*Mr. James de Rothschild,
Son of
Baron Edmond de Rothschild.*

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED —: MISS DOROTHY PINTO AND MR. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

Miss Dorothy Pinto is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Pinto, of 1, Carlton Gardens. Mr. James de Rothschild, elder son of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, and a nephew of Lord Rothschild, owns a racing stable in England, and is almost as well known on the French "Turf." He is a keen follower of the hounds, an art collector, and author of a book on the Elizabethan period as represented by Shakespeare. His only sister married Baron von Goldschmidt-Rothschild, attaché at the German Embassy in London.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Langfier.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. AND MRS. LOUIS DUVEEN—FOR BEING AT THE THREE ARTS CLUB BALL IN THE ABOVE COSTUMES.

The Three Arts Club held their annual costume ball at Queen's Hall on Wednesday of last week, and the affair was an even greater success than usual. A feature of the evening was a circus entertainment, which interrupted the dancing for a short time at midnight, and in which many well-known actors and actresses took part.—[Photo. by the Dover Street Studios.]



THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE—FOR PERSONATING CHARLES I. WITHOUT LOSING HER HEAD.

Lady Stradbroke appeared as Charles I. at a fancy-dress ball the other day at the Hotel Eiger at Mürren. She was awarded the first prize for the best costume. Before her marriage, in 1898, the Countess was Miss Helena Keith Fraser.

Photograph by Ulyett



THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON AND MR. H. DE TRAFFORD—FOR BEING AT THE THREE ARTS CLUB BALL IN THE ABOVE COSTUMES.

The Countess of Portarlington, who married the sixth Earl in 1907, was formerly known as Miss Winnifreda Yuill. She is the only child of Mr. George Skelton Yuill, of 37, Chesham Place. She has one son, Viscount Carlow, who was born in December 1907.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



MME. PAQUIN—FOR BEING THE FIRST WOMAN DRESSMAKER TO BE AWARDED THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Mme. Paquin, the famous Parisian dressmaker, has recently been elected a member of the French Legion of Honour. She is the possessor of priceless pearls and other famous jewels, and is well known in Paris society. She is a widow, and conducts the famous business in the Rue de la Paix with the assistance of her brother. A paragraph about her will be found on our "Small Talk" page.

Photograph by Agde.



COLONEL SIR WILLIAM HENRY MANNING—FOR BEING APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.

Sir William Manning has since 1910 been Governor of Nyasaland. He has seen much active service, in India and Africa. A portrait of Lady Manning appears on our "Woman-Around-Town" page.

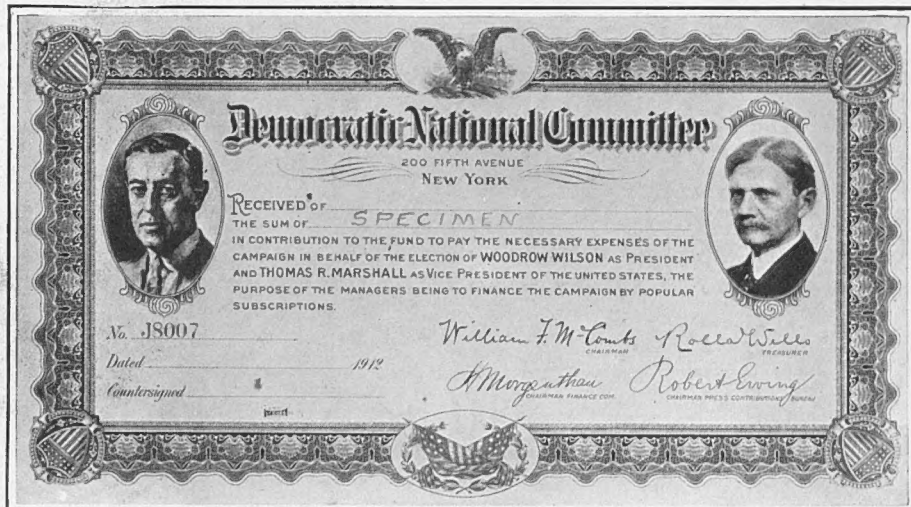
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MR. THOMAS BEECHAM—FOR OPENING A NEW OPERA AND RUSSIAN BALLET SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Thomas Beecham, the famous musical impresario, has arranged to open his six-weeks season of Grand Opera and Russian Ballet at Covent Garden on Wednesday the 29th.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



ALL RECIPIENTS OF A RECEIPT SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE—FOR CONTRIBUTING TO THE EXPENSES OF THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

As stated on the receipt form, such receipts are given by the Democratic National Committee for sums given "in contribution to the fund to pay the necessary expenses of the campaign in behalf of the election of Woodrow Wilson as President and Thomas R. Marshall as Vice-President of the United States, the purpose of the managers being to finance the campaign by popular subscriptions."

THE THREE ARTS BALL: CHARACTERS AT QUEEN'S HALL.



1. MISS GLADYS COOPER, OF "MILESTONES," AS AN APACHE.

3. MISS GLADYS BALY, WHO WAS THE PRINCIPAL ORGANISER OF THE BALL, AS A PEACOCK.

2. MISS GLADYS UNGER, THE PLAYWRIGHT, IN A LOUIS XV. DRESS.

4. MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP AS A CLOWN AND MRS. PRINSEP (MISS MARIE LÖHR) AS A VICTORIAN LADY.

The costume ball held by the Three Arts Club at the Queen's Hall last week, for the benefit of its funds, was a great success, and was attended by quite a number of well-known people, the majority of whom wore fancy dress. With regard to those whose portraits appear on this page, we need scarcely remind our readers that Miss Gladys Cooper is the charming young actress who was recently playing Beauty in "Everywoman," and is still playing in "Milestones," at the Royalty. Miss Gladys Unger is the well-known dramatist. Her new four-act play, "The Son and Heir," is to be presented at the Strand Theatre by Mr. Louis Meyer on Saturday next. Miss Gladys Baly, the artist, was the principal working organiser of the ball, and much of its success was due to her. The wedding of that very popular young actress, Miss Marie Löhr, and Mr. Anthony Leyland Prinsep, took place in August of last year. Mr. Prinsep is the second son of the late Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A.—[Photographs by Dover Street Studios.]

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IF good plays were the necessary outcome of good intentions,
"Esther Castways" would be one of the best. But, alas!
good intentions and ramshackle stage machinery make an
unhappy combination, so in the end the play proved rather unsatis-
factory. Mr. Jerome seems to try hard to be a modern dramatist,
but his method is that of earlier workers, which he does not use
very cleverly. Still, many people were interested by the tale of
the trials of Esther, a creature rather too good for human life:
fortunately, she was represented by Miss Marie Tempest, an actress
whose charm and talent can interest an audience in any heroine,
however non-human the part may seem on reflection. It is quite
a curious play, with a sudden plunge, unanticipated, into melo-
drama, and a bedroom scene which reminded some people of a famous
act in "The Gay Lord Quex," and a group of Americans who were
entirely English—so far as they were real—in speech, manners, and
customs: indeed, I kept gasping with wonder whether I was not
mistaken in supposing that they were intended to be Noo-Yorkers.
It would be unwise to attempt to say what the play is about, in a
short space, since it is very complicated, and many things happen
ere Esther has forgiven her feeble, uninteresting husband—alleged
to be a successful lawyer and brilliant politician: what a lot one has
to take on trust in the theatre! The dialogue contains some success-
ful jokes, and certain scenes are quite impressive. Miss Marie
Polini acted very ably as the naughty widow who stole Esther's
husband, but suddenly repented and gave him back—slightly the
worse for wear, no doubt. Miss Rowena Jerome was quite charming
as a lady secretary whose professional labours were not oppressive
in quantity.

"The Headmaster," by Messrs. Coleby and Knoblauch, makes
appeal to both young and old—which is rather rash in the case of a
comedy. It has humours that should entertain the schoolboy, and
sentiment which he would regard as "tosh," though it might please
his elders. Some parts are written brightly and reasonably, and
then comes a plunge into farce, and the common fault of excessive
length is manifest almost throughout: it is an obvious weakness
that cutting will be easy, that passages can be eliminated without
alteration of the structure. On the whole, the story of the rather
worldly widower, headmaster of a big school, who got engaged by
mistake to a terrible widow, is entertaining, and the subsidiary
love-tale concerning his pretty daughter Portia is quite agreeable.
One was never worked up to any pitch of excitement or to exhausting
laughter; but there was much merriment in the house, and a very
favourable reception. The acting is excellent: Mr. Cyril Maude
has a capital part as the schoolmaster, which he played with gusto
and a stronger sense of character than he usually exhibits. Mr.
Arthur Curtis was funny in a rather stale comic part; Master Eric
Rae delighted the house by clever acting as a jolly schoolboy, and
the school sergeant was capitally acted by Mr. John Harmood.
Miss Margery Maude was quite charming as Portia; Miss Frances
Ivor played the widow very well, and can hardly be blamed for
becoming rather a bore.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FIFIELD.	HEINEMANN.
The Nature of Woman. J. Lionel Tayler, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. 3s. 6d. net.	Paul the First of Russia. K. Waliszewski. 15s. net.
BLACK.	Lost in the Arctic. Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen. 18s. net.
Bacon's Essays. (Sydney Edition.) Edited by Sydney Humphries. 6s. net.	Esther Waters (a Play in Five Acts). George Moore. 2s. 6d. net.
FISHER UNWIN.	The Story of Stephen Compton. J. E. Patterson. 6s.
Shakespeare Music. (Music of the Period; Curwen Edition) 5737. Edited by E. W. Naylor, Mus.D.	MILLS AND BOON.
The Knave of Diamonds. Ethel M. Dell. 6s.	The Call of the Siren. Harold Spender. 6s.
The Fighting Spirit of Japan. E. J. Harrison. 12s. 6d. net.	Cato's Daughter. E. M. Channon. 6s.
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The Insanity of Genius. J. F. Nisbet. 5s.	The Shining Doors. George Ryren. 6s.
SAMPSON, LOW, MARSTON.	LONG.
Guide to South and East Africa. Edited by A. Samler Brown and G. Gordon Brown. 1s. net.	Composers in Love and Marriage. J. Cuthbert Hadden. 12s. 6d. net.
THE BODLEY HEAD.	King René d'Anjou and His Seven Queens. Edgumbe Staley. 12s. 6d. net.
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The Man who Would Not be King. Sidney Dark. 6s.	Fresh Air. Harry Temple. 6s.
My Friend's Book. Anatole France. 6s.	Incomparable Joan. Alice M. Diehl. 6s.
The Finger of Mr. Blee. Peter Blundell. 6s.	Catching a Coronet. Edmund Bosanquet. 6s.
Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon. E. Stewart. 5s. net.	Seekers Every One. Beatrice Kelston. 6s.
NASH.	The Terrible Choice. Stephen Foreman. 6s.
The Romance of the Rothschilds. Ignatius Balla. 7s. 6d. net.	The Trainer's Treasure. Nat Gould. 1s. and 2s. net.
A Keeper of Royal Secrets. Jean Harmand. 15s. net.	Stephen Ormond. F. Dickberry. 6s.
BLACKIE AND SON.	A Tartar's Love. G. Ystridde-Orshanski. 6s.
The Indian Theatre. E. P. Horowitz. 2s. 6d. net.	The Bartenstein Case. J. S. Fletcher. 6s.
	The Lure of Crooning Waters. Marion Hill. 6s.
	WARD. LOCK.
	The Harvest Moon. J. S. Forman. 6s.
	Lord Petworth's Daughter. Florence Warden. 6s.



A CAPITAL WHERE THE MOTOR HAS NOT YET OUSTED THE CARRIAGE-AND-PAIR: A WEEK IN BRUSSELS.

A Snow-Choked Capital.

The past week I have spent in Brussels, and though I am very fond, through old associations, of the Belgian capital, it is not wise to allow one's visit there to coincide with a fall of snow, for the City Fathers either do not think it necessary to spend a large sum of money on clearing the roads of snow, or else there are no unemployed who would be willing to do the work. Each householder



A POPULAR WINTER SPORT AS A SUBJECT OF MILITARY INSTRUCTION: A TEAM OF JAPANESE GUARDS ON SKI.

Ski may, of course, have serious as well as sporting uses, not only in exploration but also for purposes of war. The Japanese Army, it is reported, recently added instruction in skiing to its course of military training.

clears away the snow from before his dwelling, but in the roads and in the parks and open places the snow lies until it melts.

The Horses and Carriages of Brussels.

The Automobile Exhibition had possession of the Cinquantenaire during part of the time I was in Brussels, but the great people of the City have retained their fine horses and their horse-drawn carriages to a greater extent than the society of any other capital in Europe, Budapest, perhaps, excepted. I saw more good private "turn-outs" in Brussels in a day than I could see during the same period either in Paris or London, and the makers of motor-cars have not yet in Belgium reduced the price of other vehicles to that of matchwood. And yet Brussels is by no means an ideal city for drivers of horses, for it is intersected everywhere by tram-lines, and the paving of the roads is by no means good. But it is the fashion still in summer to drive in the Bois de Cambre, and it is pleasant to see the well-matched pairs of horses standing champing their bits by the Laiterie (where the little band plays) or stepping out through the great avenues, instead of only finding motor-cars packed together like sardines, or rushing along the roads at torpedo-pace.

Seeing the good-looking Belgian carriage-horses, most of which would in time of need make excellent chargers, my thoughts were carried to what I had just read in the English papers of the shortage in Great Britain of horses for the present needs of the Army. We breed chargers for all the rest of the world, and it was instructive at the last great Horse Show at Olympia to walk round the stalls occupied by the horses that officers of all countries had brought over, and to read Irish name after Irish name on the tickets above the mangers of these horses, which represented the pick of the chargers of France, Belgium, and of a dozen other European countries. In a time of great emergency no doubt the hunting-men would put their horses at the service of the country, but they would be untrained for military purposes. The best ready-made gun-horses,

the London omnibus horses—the only animals that were fit for hard work when sent out to South Africa—have disappeared, for the motor has driven them off the streets. I read that a large farm has been presented to the nation that Army horses may be bred on it, and that an ex-Inspector-General of Remounts strongly favours what is known as the M.F.H. System for obtaining good remounts at a reasonable price. Both the German army and our own native army in India breed remounts quite successfully and quite cheaply. Germany has taught us many lessons; must we go to her to learn how to obtain horses for our cavalry regiments and artillery?

"Your Hat and Coat, Sir."

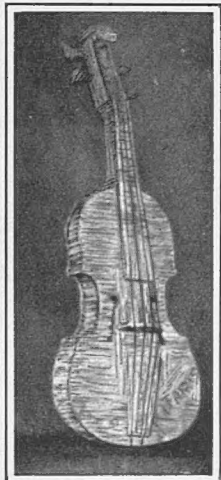
One of the things they do better abroad than we do in England is the taking care of the men's hats and coats and the ladies' hats and cloaks of an audience at a theatre. In Germany, France, and Belgium, the giving-up of these articles of apparel is compulsory, and men and ladies do not take their fur coats with them into the stalls, as I constantly see at London theatres; nor, indeed, would such a head-dress as the outspread wing of a large bird, which I saw standing high up above a lady's hair at a recent first night, be allowed in the stalls at any theatre on the Continent. The giving-up of hats and cloaks on the Continent being compulsory, the theatres there make special arrangements for taking care of them, and in every German theatre a great space, which probably in England would be occupied by a bar, is given over to them. At the Palais Royal Theatre, in Paris, which used to be very badly provided with storage for hats and coats, there is now an excellent system.

Belgian Dishes.

Dining at some of those little restaurants which in Brussels cluster round the Bourse, the Halles, and the Grande Place, I thought I would like to try some of the typical Belgian dishes—the Hocheput Gantois, which is a most savoury stew; the Choels à la Bruxelloise, which is a hash cooked in Marsala; or a Carbonade Flamande, which is a beefsteak

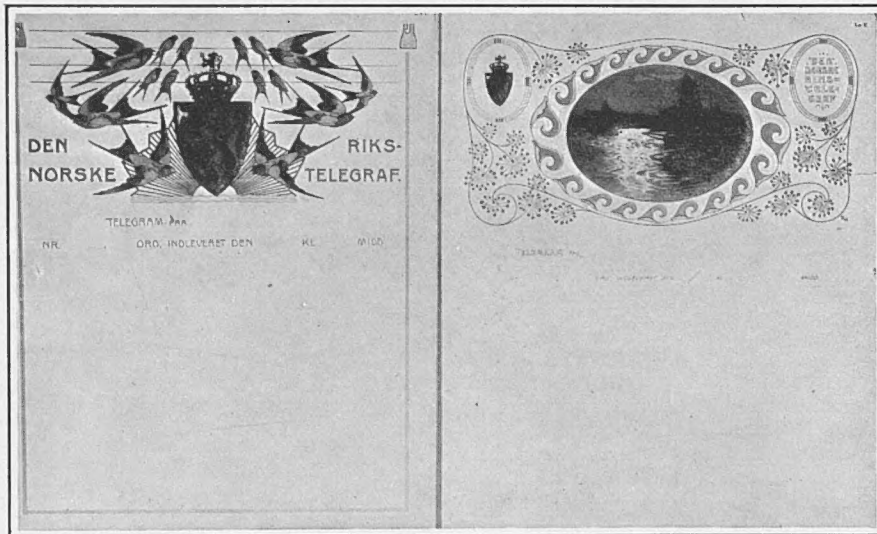
stewed in strong beer—but at no one of the restaurants, except at the Faille Déchirée, did I find any local dish on the menu. At the Faille I was offered a Bacasse à la Fine Champagne, but when I inquired what the price of this delicacy was, I found that a millionaire's pocket only could afford the sum. The Faille is the oldest of all these little Brussels restaurants, having an uninterrupted history back to 1620. It now shows no signs, in its interior, of any great antiquity. It is a tiny T-shaped restaurant, all pink and white inside, with electric lamps to give it light, and looking as clean and fresh in its interior as though it had been built only yesterday. Its prices are high, but so are those of all these little restaurants.

The Belgian business-man eats his mid-day meal at one of the great taverns near the Bourse, where the food is both excellent and cheap. A dinner at the little restaurants is a luxury only indulged in on rare occasions, for the Belgian generally dines at home.



LIKELY TO STIMULATE PLAYING WITH FIRE: A VIOLIN MADE OF DEAD MATCHES.

The patience, if not the material, of Stradivarius, went to the making of this unique violin, which was entirely constructed, by an ingenious Frenchman, out of 1500 dead matches. As he played with fire to make it, so he may be expected to play with fire upon it. (This is where you laugh.)



THE PICTURE-TELEGRAM FOR FESTIVE OCCASIONS: A NEW POSTAL LUXURY IN NORWAY.

Artistically illustrated telegram-forms are the latest postal novelty in Norway, and are greatly in request. They are used chiefly for congratulatory messages on birthdays, weddings, and such festive events. A message may be either typed or written, and when sent on picture-forms costs 35 ore (about 5d.).

Photograph by Elisabeth Stoeck.



SMALL TALK

A CERTAIN well-known actor-manager, says the *Pall Mall*, is rumoured to have purchased a house in Berkeley Square, "and in the event of his taking up his residence there, he will be the first actor, so it is said, with that aristocratic address." It should not be so said. Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft live, and have lived for years, at Number Eighteen. The French top-hat, and the broad black ribbon of his eyeglass, are the familiar ornaments of the Square, which would as soon lose the big plate of "The Earl of Powis" at No. 45, or the knocker with the reputation of having resisted the practical jokes of Lord Charles Beresford. "So it is said" is a phrase that can be applied happily enough to the story of the gallant sailor tying one end of a rope to a friend's door-furniture and the other to the back of a hansom-cab, with subsequent instructions to the driver to whip up. But "so it is said" should not be set up against the London Directory or the Telephone Book.



TO MARRY THE HON. LAWRENCE U. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH ON FEB. 1: MISS SELINA A. BRIDGEMAN.

Miss Selina Adine Bridgeman is the only daughter of Colonel the Hon. Francis Bridgeman, only brother of the Earl of Bradford. She was born in 1886.

Photograph by Swaine.

London Directory or the Telephone Book.

"Bobby Churchill." Constable 171C has been giving joy to the House. His beat keeps him within sight of Big Ben; and he is the image of the First Lord. Certain Suffragettes, baulked of great prey, have discovered him; and even a member of the Opposition finds that there is consolation in seeing those Winstonian lips moving in obedient answer to any and every question. P.C. 171C has the gift of words; and his smile should carry him into the Cabinet, or that which corresponds to the Cabinet, of the Force.

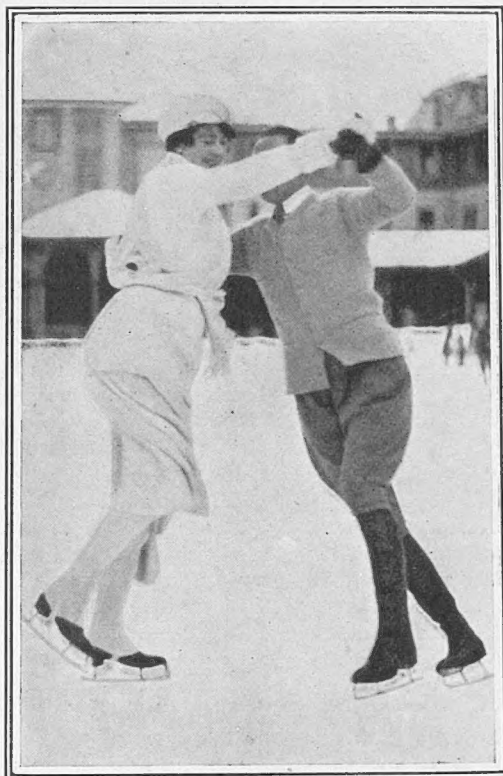
"Algejohn." The proof of a name is in the bearing of it. Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, the one and only

"Lou-vima," and her brother, Mr. "Edge" Knollys, are the two people who can best judge whether a fine ingenuity and loyalty make comfortable names. Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, in whose baby son Queen Alexandra takes the greatest interest, will not, it is thought, perpetuate the composite scheme of nomenclature. "Louvima," of course, became Mrs. Mackenzie's name by choice and habit, rather than by the compulsion of the christening service; but parental invention had a



IN MONTE CARLO: LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE.

Lady Doughty-Tichborne, widow of the twelfth Baronet, was known before her marriage, in 1887, as Miss Mary Gwendoline Petre. Her son, Sir Joseph Henry, is the present Baronet.—[Photograph by Navello.]



WINTER-SPORTING AT MÜRREN: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER WALTZING WITH MR. HENNING GRENANDER.

Photograph by Ulyett.



SUN-SEEKING IN MONTE CARLO: PRINCESS COLLOREDO-MANNSFELD.

Princess Colloredo-Mannsfeld is an American. Her pearls have caused quite a sensation in Monte Carlo.

Photograph by Navello.

good deal to do with it. Can Lord Knollys make any suggestions for the new infant? "Algejohn" incorporates only three of the names of the King's sons.

Motoriety.

That staunch Conservative, Mr. Basil Peto, M.P., has received a number of letters congratulating him on his fortunate escape from the accident to the car in which he and Mrs. Winston Churchill and one or two more were said to be driving. But between the lines of some of the letters he detected a partisan suggestion that it would have served him right if he had lost an ear or sprained an ankle. He has been obliged to explain. It was not he, but his nephew, who kept the perilous companionship of the Liberal First Lady of the Admiralty.

Turning King's Evidence.

Sir Herbert Beer-bohm Tree would not have missed the Poets' Dinner for any but a good reason. A poet himself, with a manuscript in his desk, he has the additional inducement of Brother Max's presence at the board. On such occasions there is a great show of give-and-take between the two. Clever sallies play like lightning over and about the heads of a delighted audience. Obviously such exhibitions of ready wit are worth a laborious hour of consultation. Or is Max's confession as to rehearsals yet another little jest at Sir Herbert's expense—and his own?

Madame Paquin, Mme. Paquin, the Parisian Queen of the Mode, has been decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honour. It is the first time that a woman dressmaker has received such distinction. Since

M. Paquin's death his widow has conducted the famous business in the Rue de la Paix herself with the assistance of her brother, M. Henri Joire. She has also a considerable social position. She inhabits a beautiful house in the Rue de Presbourg, close to the Arc de Triomphe, and wears the most wonderful jewels, said to be worth a million francs. On her finger flashes an emerald which belonged to the old Sultan Abdul Hamid, and was bought by her for forty-five thousand francs.



IN MONTE CARLO: MR. AND MRS. ALEC. MARSH.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec. Marsh were at Monte Carlo for the Nice Races. Mr. Marsh is, as all the sporting world is well aware, the trainer of the King's racehorses.

Photograph by Navello.

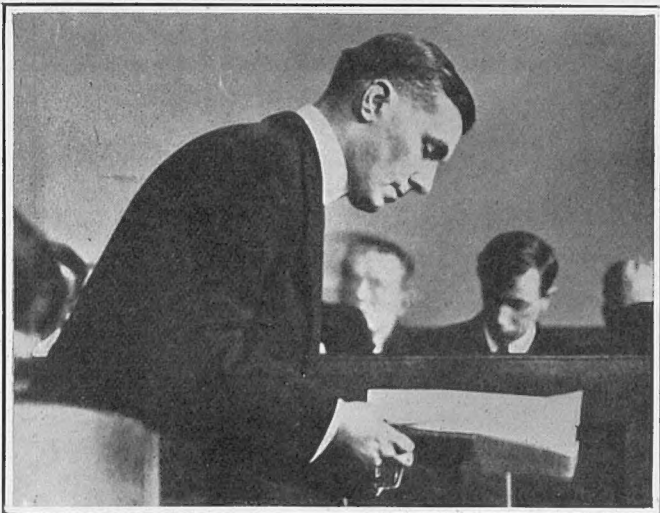


TO MARRY MISS SELINA A. BRIDGEMAN ON FEB. 1: THE HON. LAWRENCE U. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.

Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth is the elder son of Lord Shuttleworth, was born on Sept. 21, 1887, was educated at Balliol, and is a J.P. for Lancashire.

Photograph by Swaine.

THE VERONAL CASE: PORTRAITS CONNECTED WITH IT.



DR. B. H. SPILSBURY, PATHOLOGIST AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE, SAYING THAT THE POST-MORTEM APPEARANCES WERE CONSISTENT WITH VERONAL POISONING.



DR. HAROLD ATHELSTAN BAINES, WHO WAS CALLED IN TO ATTEND THE LATE HUGH ERIC TREVANION, AND GAVE EVIDENCE AT THE SECOND INQUEST.



THE LATE HUGH ERIC TREVANION, WHO DIED ON SEPT. 11 LAST FROM AN OVERDOSE OF VERONAL. AND A SECOND INQUEST ON WHOSE BODY WAS ORDERED.



MRS. TREVANION, MOTHER OF THE LATE HUGH ERIC TREVANION, ON WHOSE REQUEST THE BODY WAS EXHUMED.



MR. A. E. ROE, WHO SHARED THE LATE HUGH ERIC TREVANION'S HOVE FLAT.

The second inquest on the body of Mr. Hugh Eric Trevanion, who died in September last as a result of veronal poisoning, was opened at Hove on Friday of last week, and, at the moment of writing, has not concluded. During the first day's evidence, Dr. Willcox, of the Home Office, said that the post-mortem examination made after the exhumation of the body caused him to estimate that the dead man must have taken 150 grains of veronal; that is, fifteen times the maximum dose taken to induce sleep, and three times an average fatal dose. At the first inquest the jury returned a unanimous verdict that death was caused by veronal poison taken by misadventure with the intention of inducing sleep.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and Illustrations Bureau.]



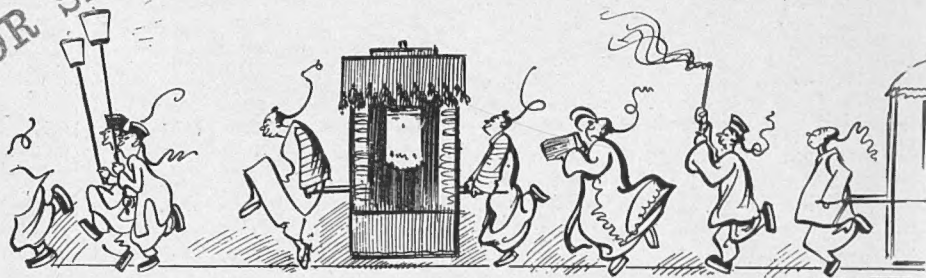
"A PEEVISH, CRUEL, SHREWISH, COLD-BLOODED WOMAN": TURANDOT, PRINCESS OF CHINA.

If I Were Prince.

If I had been the Prince of Astrakhan (which, according to the Encyclopædia that I am still owing for by instalments, is somewhere in Eastern Russia, where the Tartars come from), when I had guessed the answers to the three riddles of the Princess, I should have imitated the gentleman in another famous story who, after jumping into a den of lions and picking up the glove thrown there by his lady to test his valour and to prove his love, smacked her in the face with it and, as the King of France said, "served her jolly well right." Turandot, the Princess of China for whom Prince Calaf risked his life, was one of those prize-packets whom any man would like to lose, being a peevish, cruel, shrewish, cold-blooded woman; and she had a mania for asking riddles. Fancy that!—think of having a wife likely to wake you early in the morning and inquire why a miller wears a white hat, or when is a door not a door, or something about a herring and a half costing three-halfpence, or any other of the questions which have thrilled the British youth from time immemorial! Turandot—the very word sounds as hard as steel, and reminds me of the name of some semi-precious stone—by her cruelty nearly brought the white whiskers of her imperial father to the grave, and made him wish that the Chinese custom of destroying superfluous female infants applied to the royal family—a custom which some ferocious politicians have unkindly suggested as a method of combating the Suffragette movement. Indeed, we all wondered why the gallant Prince did not take his chance and bolt on his jolly little shaggy, white-haired Tartar pony, with the beautiful enslaved Princess who rejoiced in the name of Adelma, which suggests some melting, toothsome sweetmeat, or new, alluring tooth-cleaning compound; but the hero was obstinate, and was suitably punished for his obstinacy, since he got his Turandot, and lived up happily ever after—his one comfort for being henpecked lying in the fact that he had secured a charming, sympathetic father-in-law and the reversion to the Empire of China. Perhaps, if in luck, he got rid of the Emperor's quartet of tedious ministers, whose efforts at humour might have raised the late lamented Joe Millar from his grave.

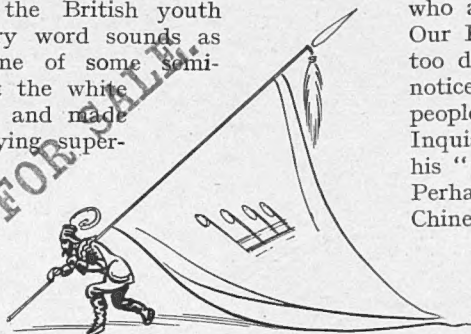
Other Countries, Other Manners. After all, you must not judge the Chinese according to our modern standards. They wore beautiful dresses; we don't. They like their eggs and fish stale; we don't. They have not been invaded

by rag-time; we have. They worship their ancestors; we spoil our children. Nor must one criticise the Tartar Prince of Astrakhan according to the standard of our young nuts who enrich the blood of our old nobility by alliances with the young ladies of genius

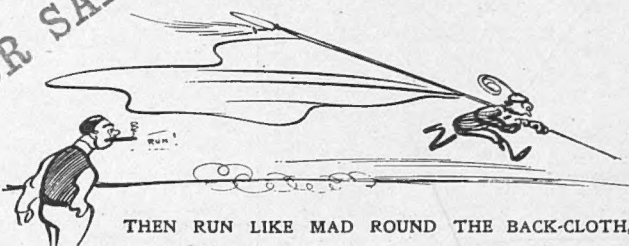


PASSING ALONG A STREET: A PROCESSION IN "TURANDOT, PRINCESS OF CHINA."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CAN IT BE THUS? WALK SLOWLY AND GRANDLY ACROSS THE STAGE, TO PRODUCE AN EFFECTIVE SPECTACLE—



THEN RUN LIKE MAD ROUND THE BACK-CLOTH, IN ORDER TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

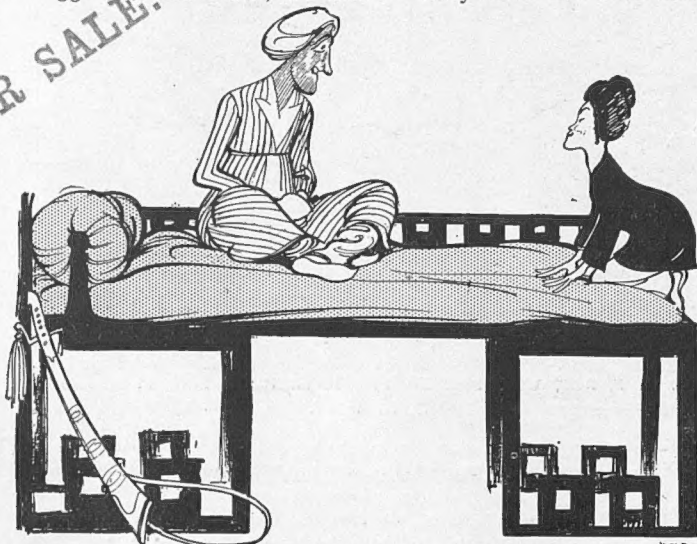
who add to the Gaiety of London, if not of nations. Our Prince, who was quite the cream of Tartars, fell too dreadfully in love in the old-fashioned way to notice that the Princess was true daughter of the people who contemptuously regard the tortures of the Inquisition as amateurish. No thought of bolting on his "Tartar of the Ukraine breed" crossed his mind. Perhaps he was fascinated by the splendour of the Chinese Court. I was. For the entertainment appeals

irresistibly to the eye, even if the book is almost as irritating to the ear as the genuine music of China. By the real music, I am not speaking of Busoni's work, which, even if at times he does slip off into strains of Western Europe, has a real touch of the East, and many quaint, fanciful, delicious passages. But the book! After all, it is hardly a thoroughbred: a kind of fundamental folk-story common to all nations, which passed through a Persian mind, then was taken up by an Italian, afterwards borrowed from him by a German and heavily Teutonised, and in the end rendered into uninspired English. At each stage something has been lost, at no stage anything gained; and so in the end we have a lifeless, heavy-handed treatment of a fanciful story: the sort of treatment which suggests an omelette made by a hippopotamus—and a German

hippopotamus, too. Even the riddles are deplorably cumbersome, and obviously unfair, and the Prince might well have pleaded against them as ambiguous. And yet I notice that one critic alleges that he guessed them before they were half told: such cleverness as that is superhuman and unhealthy. I have an impression that the real answers were considered indelicate by Sir George, and we were fobbed off with a Sunday-school version.

A Splendid Spectacle.

And still, to use the words of old Caspar in the poem, "it was a famous spectacle." And when, to quote the phrase of another immortal, they have "cut the cackle and come to the Josses," the entertainment ought to become popular. For a dumb show is much more attractive than one with a dull dialogue. Even I, if unhampered by the words of the adapter, could have imagined brilliant witticisms and original riddles and poetical speeches, none of which I mean to disclose, for obvious reasons. The players worked hard. The elocution of Miss d'Alroy, as the Princess, was admirable. Miss Hilda Moore, as a charming slave, introduced a note of passion cleverly. Miss Maire O'Neill, too, was ingeniously humorous, too briefly. Mr. Godfrey Tearle was a romantic vagrom Prince, who might have charmed any royal lady. The comic people strove splendidly. Yet, after all, it seemed to me that I could see in the eye of Sri Herbert Tree, half-hidden in one of the stage-boxes, a look which said: "My Oriental play was the darling of the gods, but this won't be"—and it wasn't. E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



THE INEVITABLE BEDROOM SCENE! MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS CALAF, AND MISS MAIRE O'NEILL AS ZELIMA.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "TURANDOT, PRINCESS OF CHINA."

FOR SALE.



"WHY DOES A CHICKEN
CROSS THE ROAD?"

TURANDOT CALAF
(MISS EVELYN D'ALROY) (MR GODFREY
TEARLE)



REMINISCENT OF THE
HALLS.

TARTAGLIA
(MR E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS)

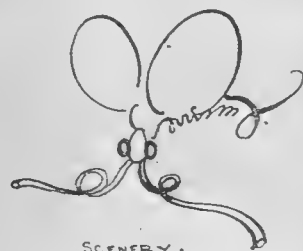
BRIGELLA
(MR FRED LEWIS)



MR & MRS BARAK

MR JAMES
BERRY.

MISS MARGARET
YARDE.



SCENERY.



A
FEW
FACES.

H. M. BATEMAN.
1913.

THE FANTASY OF THE FOUR RIDDLES: THE CHINOISERIE AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

"Turandot, Princess of China," described as a Chinoiserie in prose and verse, is being presented at the St. James's Theatre. As we note elsewhere, it is concerned with the propounding of three riddles by the Princess—not one, we must confess, as simple as "Why does a chicken cross the road?"—and the propounding of one by Prince Calaf, who would win the Princess.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LYTTON.

MR. BALFOUR once described Lady Lytton as "the brightest star of London's social firmament." That was only a stilted formality of the platform, the expression of a feeling that had had all the colour wrung out of it before it reached the reporters' table. Mr. Balfour's unreported enthusiasm has a finer frenzy. Lady Lytton inspires style: her beauty has been known to bring an Elizabethan ring to the English of the most prosaic of her contemporaries.



THE EARL OF LYTTON.

Photograph by Moyse and Laker.

Pamela Pavlova on her own lawn, with a grace that equals her inimitable original's. Having never submitted to "the tyranny of the tiara," she makes new fashions in the strongholds of the old. One Opening of Parliament, with the Peeresses assembled, she made famous—with a little cap of lace.

The Free Lance. She is not, like Lady Constance Lytton, fond of floor-scrubbing. But while Lady Constance (the "Jane Wharton" with whom the prison doctor refused to shake hands) was indulging her wash-tub ambitions in prison, Lady Lytton appeared at a public ball as Joan of Arc. For she, too, can tilt at prejudices. And, like the Maid of Orleans, she is in herself an unanswerable argument in favour of the fitness of women for the rights that Lord Lytton wants to give them.

The Lord's Going to Pott. Lord Lytton has been stretching a champion leg on the ice-fields of Switzerland; but pressing work at Westminster now brings him home. As a politician he is a man apart. In the first place, he is sincere. He gives no time to questions that do not directly challenge his opposition or engage his sympathies; in other words, he cannot accuse himself of having wasted five minutes in trifling. "To have a cause at heart"—one knows the shallowness of that phrase, in the profession; and Lord Lytton's rupture with Mr. Winston Churchill over Women's Suffrage surprised the professionals, who can break with their friends a thousand times on the platform without disturbing the relationships of the smoking-room. To hear him in debate either in the Lords or in a room in Hampstead, is to see his whole being at work. Lithe form and bright eye become the allies of an active brain and a quick humour, whether he is opposing the House of Lords—or Miss Gladys Pott.

The New Age. He is of the Younger Generation. Bulwer he has hardly read, and he smiles to think that his grandfather's novels should count for anything to anybody in the twentieth century. Bulwer-Lytton was, and is still popularly supposed to be, the family name, but Lord Lytton sets so little store by a somewhat faded literary fame that he does not trouble with it or its hyphen. Simple "Lytton" is the form he likes, and even insists upon. He is of the Younger Generation in a thousand and one things. He gives his name to a Society for Food Reform, and will even eat a reformed dinner; he has taken no Tory pledge to be faithful to daily cigars and claret; moreover, he is young.

Knebworth House. Knebworth itself is answering to the touch of the Period. It has been redeemed to a great extent from the somewhat shoddy tradition that clings to a baronial hall of the Victorian era. Mr. Lutyens (who married Lady Emily Lytton) has been admitted to its precincts; under his designing eye, the model Lytton cottages grow in beauty. And so, under Lady Lytton's lovely eye, do the Lytton children—Anthony, Margaret, Katharine, and Alexander.

Extremes. By the marriages of a sister and a brother, Lord Lytton is brought into relationship with the extremes of political faith and policy. Lady Betty Balfour is the link with the "A. J. B."; and Mr. Neville Lytton married a daughter of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Mr. Blunt served a sentence in Kilmainham Gaol at a time when Mr. Balfour was practically the gaoler of Ireland's political offenders; and since then Mr. Balfour has often thanked his stars that he was not Home Secretary during the incarcerations of Lady Constance. Before her spoken arguments he makes a gallant enough confession of defeat; but to have faced the perplexing question of the prison treatment of a recalcitrant relative would have taxed even his equanimity.

The Lytton Group.

wherever you take it, is extreme. Lord Lytton's skating and Mr. Neville Lytton's tennis are both good in the extreme; Mr. Neville Lytton's vegetarianism is rigorous in the extreme; Mrs. Neville Lytton's toy dogs take all the prizes; Lady Constance has gone to extremes in sacrifice; Lady Lytton is extremely beautiful. She had her own "extreme" group before her marriage, a group that knew as much about Florentine painting as Mr. Berenson, and could quote poet for poet against "Q." or any of the professors. The knowledge of her group was not of a sort to serve the purposes of a Chair, nor fostered merely in æsthetic pride. The group were extremely serious; but for all that, its laughter was the gayest thing ever heard in London. Both Lord and Lady Lytton are very serious and very happy.



THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON.

Victor Alexander George Robert Bulwer-Lytton, second Earl and a Baronet, was born on Aug. 9, 1876, and succeeded in 1891. The first Baron was the famous novelist, poet, orator, and statesman; the first Earl was the distinguished diplomatist and poet who was Viceroy of India in 1876-1880. In 1902, Lord Lytton married Pamela, daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele Chichele-Plowden, K.C.S.I., of Hazlehurst, Ore, Sussex. Lord and Lady Lytton have two sons and two daughters. Viscount Knebworth was born in 1903; the Hon. Alexander Bulwer-Lytton, in 1910; Lady Margaret Bulwer-Lytton, in 1905; and Lady Katharine, in 1909.

Photograph by Speaight.

HEATH, AND ASCOT HEATH, ROBINSON: ALHAMBRA RACING.



1. AN EFFECT, MISS MURIEL HUDSON AS THE LEADING JOCKEY.

2. MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON, THE ARTIST, WHO DESIGNED THE SCENE.

3. M. KOVAL AS MR. ASCOT HEATH ROBINSON AND MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON.

4. M. KOVAL AS MR. ASCOT HEATH ROBINSON IN THE REVUE.

5. DESIGNED BY MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON: THE "ASCOT UPS AND DOWNS" SCENE, SHOWING THE STARTING-MACHINE.

It is interesting to compare on this page the portraits of Mr. W. Heath Robinson, the well-known "Sketch" Artist, with his stage double, Mr. Koval, made up as Ascot Heath Robinson in the new scene of the Alhambra revue, "Kill that Fly," which Mr. Heath Robinson designed. It is also interesting to compare the above photograph of one of the actual tableaux as given at the Alhambra with the artist's original design, reproduced on another page.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield and Bassano.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

CIRCUMSTANCE, with her tongue in her cheek, once compelled a Lord Chamberlain to call upon a ballet-master to lengthen the skirts of his corps, and, in the same week, to notify the ladies expected at a Court function that low-dresses were compulsory. Lord Sandhurst has been saved, at both ends, from the irony of that situation. One of his recent circulars points out that "ladies to whom from illness, infirmity, or advancing age, low Court dress is inappropriate, may, on obtaining permission through the Lord Chamberlain, appear in high Court dress—namely, bodices cut square or V-shape in front, filled in with white only, either transparent or lined." The only unfortunate thing is that Lady Sandhurst is no more interested than he in the technique of ceremonial costume.



ENGAGED TO MISS WILLIAMS-BULKELEY: SIR HARRY S. MAINWARING.

Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, of Peover Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire, is the fifth Baronet, and was born in August 1878. He succeeded his father, Sir Philip Tatton, in 1906.

Photograph by Topical.

side"; "the tulle to be attached to the feathers"; "lace lappets to be worn"—such are some of the instructions issued over the entirely innocent name of Lord Sandhurst. In placing the responsibility it is impossible not to recall Sir Frederick Watson's delicious and perfectly serious answer to Queen Victoria when she complained to him, as Master of the Household, that the dining-room was cold. "Well, you see, properly speaking, it's not my fault, for the Lord Steward lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it." In the present case, however, there is a real expert and mistress behind the enactment of the official circulars. Queen Mary is the greatest precisian in dress that any Lord Chamberlain has had to bow to.

The Maple Cables. The health of the Duchess of Connaught has been keeping the Duke in two minds about the extension of his term in Canada. The Duchess had the casting vote in regard to an offer of a long sojourn in India; and again her health and inclination turned the scale for or against a change of continents.



TO MARRY SIR HENRY HAWLEY, BT., TO-DAY, JAN. 29: MISS MARJORIE F. CURTEIS.

Miss Curteis is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Curteis, of Piltown, Uckfield, Sussex. Sir Henry Hawley, the sixth baronet of a creation dating from 1795, was born in December 1876, and succeeded his father, Sir Henry Michael, in 1909.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Queen Mary, Who, failing Lady Sandhurst, pulls the Lord Chamberlain and his office through the more feminine of his duties, and paragraphs? "The white feather to be worn slightly on the left-hand side"; "the tulle to be attached to the feathers"; "lace lappets to be worn"—such are some of the instructions issued over the entirely innocent name of Lord Sandhurst.

In placing the responsibility it is impossible not to recall Sir Frederick Watson's delicious and perfectly serious answer to Queen Victoria when she complained to him, as Master of the Household, that the dining-room was cold. "Well, you see, properly speaking, it's not my fault, for the Lord Steward lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it." In the present case, however, there is a real expert and mistress behind the enactment of the official circulars. Queen Mary is the greatest precisian in dress that any Lord Chamberlain has had to bow to.

Being an expert in codes, she was able to answer, without a thought of Tottenham Court Road, "Accept Maple." "Oh, I'm still a Yorker, and expect to be," was Prince Arthur of Connaught's answer to the last surmises about his future. He is entered by the more enterprising papers for every post that falls vacant, or does not fall vacant. First it was Viceroy of India; now it is Governor-General of Canada. He doesn't mind. He obeys orders,

even to the point of living in a walled town in the North of England, when he is not running exciting messages for King George. But to go to Canada would mean going to the altar first. Canada has been in danger of losing the Duke of Connaught on account of the Duchess; it might have to wait for Prince Arthur on account of a Princess—unfounded.

Prince Alexander of Teck's name was mentioned, the other day as that of a possible Governor-General for the Dominion. He would be entirely to the liking of Canadians; he has the instincts of a hunter, he knows what it is to make a forced march, he can negotiate great tracts of snow. And Canada has a way of sending her Governors on holidays that put their powers of endurance to the test. Earl Grey, for instance, nearly lost his life in the recreations provided by Our Lady of the Snows. A description written casually during the Boer War pictures Prince Alexander of Teck as "tall, strongly built, everlastingly youthful, and keen. I once travelled half a day with him, not knowing who he was. Then I learned how earnest a soldier the Prince is; he is a good trekker and a good camp-man, too."

"Teck the Trekker."

Canada, certainly, would not be too much for him.



RECENTLY OPERATED UPON FOR APPENDICITIS: SIR GEORGE HOUSTOUN-BOSWALL.

Sir George is now quite out of danger. It will be recalled that his illness necessitated the postponement of his wedding to Miss Naomi Anstey. He is the fourth Baronet of a creation dating from 1836, was born in December 1877, and succeeded his father in 1908.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

The papers make rather too much of the romance of Baroness de Forest's pearls. It was not a peasant boy who picked up the priceless collar in the snow, but the small son of a guest in the hotel at Wengen. If a village boy had made the find, the "handsome reward" of the reports would be certain to have had a real existence. As it was, nothing lavish was done or expected. When an Ambassador picks up the pearls of the Queen-Mother of Italy, he is commanded to keep them "as a remembrance of Italy," and a ragged child's find has often secured his fortune. But the flourishing son of flourishing parents actually got a small box of chocolates! There is a connection, by the way, between lost pearls and sneezing which is worth noting at this season of sneezes.

Bond Street is always being interviewed on the subject of the proper string for stringing and the proper clasp for clasping; but Bond Street does not seem to know that the sudden contraction and jerk of the muscles in the process of sneezing is responsible for most of the disasters befalling tightly fitting necklaces. A sneeze broke the royal Italian string. It is common knowledge that pearls lose their lustre if their wearers are "off colour," but their way of leaping from the neighbourhood of a cold at the first signs of its approach marks a less friendly trait of character.



ENGAGED TO SIR HARRY S. MAINWARING: MISS WILLIAMS-BULKELEY.

Miss Williams-Bulkeley is the daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley, of Baron Hill, Beaumaris. Her mother is the younger daughter of the fifth Earl of Hardwicke.

Photograph by Topical.

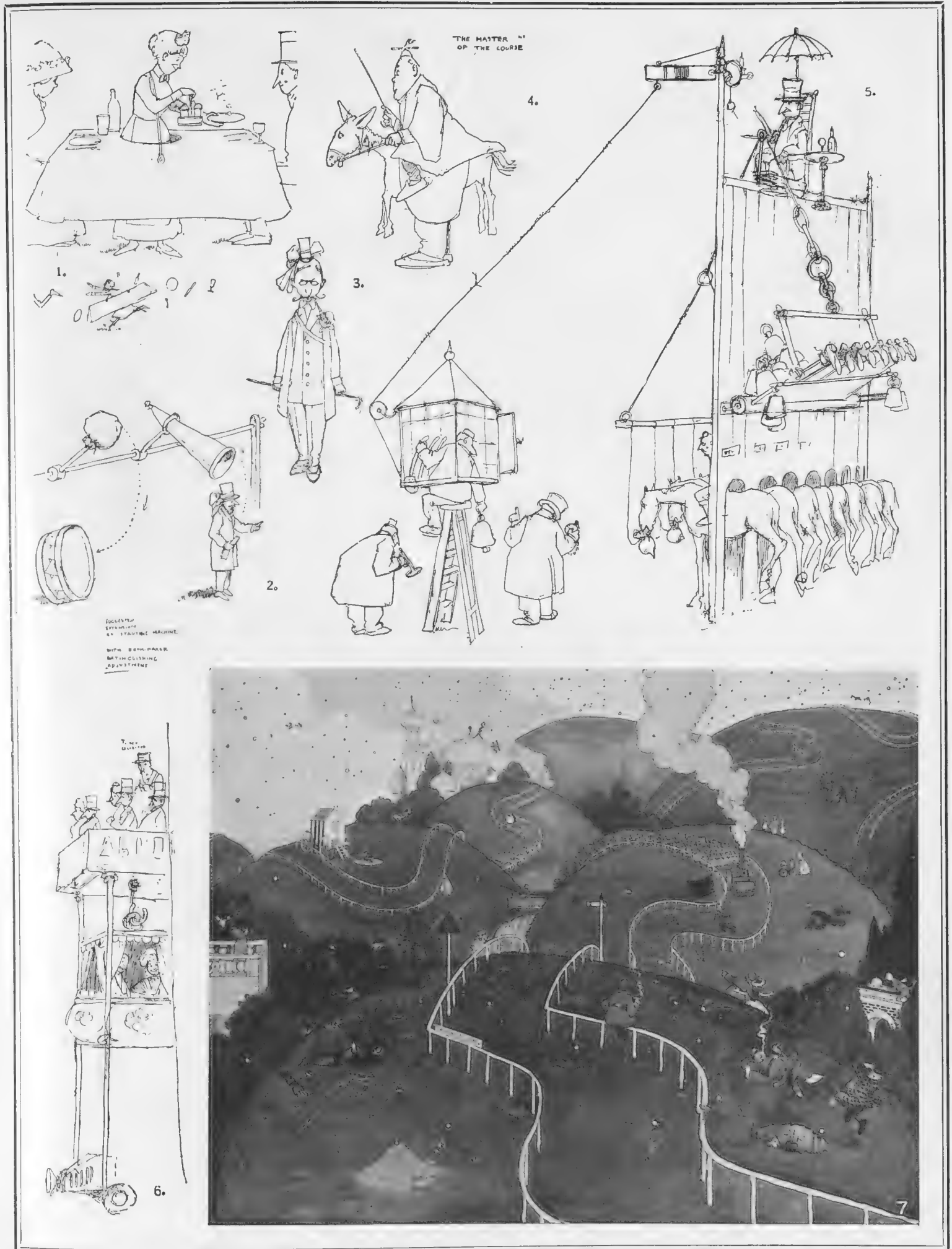


ENGAGED TO LORD PETRE: MISS CATHERINE BOSCAWEN.

Miss Boscawen is the daughter of Lady Margaret Boscawen and the Hon. Richard De Clare Boscawen, only brother of Viscount Falmouth. Her mother is a half-sister of the present—fifth—Earl of Stafford, and daughter of the second Earl. Lord Petre, the sixteenth Baron, was born on Nov. 3, 1890, and succeeded in 1908.

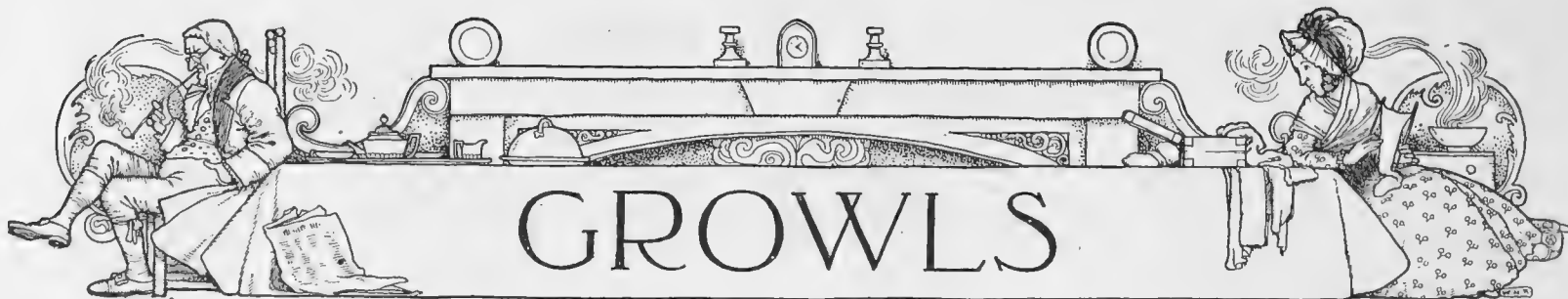
Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

BY "ASCOT" HEATH ROBINSON: A "KILL THAT FLY" SCENE.



The new scene in "Kill that Fly," the popular revue at the Alhambra, bears the title "Ascot Ups and Downs," and was designed by Mr. W. Heath Robinson, the artist whose work is so familiar to readers of "The Sketch." It includes six tableaux—"The Artists," including the weight-lifter, the lady-drummer, and Mr. "Ascot" Heath Robinson; "The Racing Heads"; "Race Cards"; "More Heads"; "The Start"; and "Jockeys." Given above are Mr. Heath Robinson's designs for the scene and for characters.

FROM THE DESIGNS BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE RESTLESSNESS OF REFORM AND THE TAKING OF DREADFUL CHANCES.

A FEATURE of our modern English life most seriously to be deprecated is a general disinclination to let well alone. People arrogating to themselves the threatening title of reformer pop up at every moment and in every direction and insist that something or other which has served its purpose quite satisfactorily up to the present shall immediately be

taken in hand, taken to pieces, turned topsy-turvy and radically rearranged from top to bottom. One wakes up in the morning under the placid conviction that one is to be allowed to live yet another twenty-four hours in the old humdrum way, only to find that some innovation has come into operation which necessitates the reorganisation of one's arrangements and scheme of life. It is very disconcerting never to know exactly where one is, and particularly so to one who is constitutionally inclined to be more or less content with things as they are. I have been especially concerned by the very latest proposition which has been suddenly flung before my eyes by Mr. H. E. Morgan, of the great house of W. H. Smith and Son. Under the title of "The Dignity of Business," Mr. Morgan has published an article in a monthly magazine in which he seeks to prove that the youth of this country who have had the advantage of a public school and University education should abandon the pursuits which have hitherto been theirs and adopt an entirely new line. This is a business country, he says, and consequently all the brightest minds should go into business, and thus do their part in the expansion of our world-flung commerce. If they follow his advice they will give up the old-fashioned habit of drifting into the Church, the Law, and the various Govern-

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE ONE! A RETURN TICKET TO HELL—PRICE 1s. 8d.

It will be seen that for Kr. 1.60 you may go to Hell—from Trondhjem—and, what is better, return; third-class (or should it be Parliamentary?) each way! The wording on the ticket, in examples of which the State Railway does an excellent trade, reads, when translated: "Norwegian State Railways. Third-class Tour and Return. Trondhjem-Hell. Available for three days from date of issue. 1s. 8d." We are indebted to Mr. Roger Pocock, well known as writer and as traveller, for the ticket reproduced.

The Matter Weighed.

Mr. Morgan sketches a scheme under which there shall be a huge central establishment, to which the youth of Oxford and Cambridge and of Eton and Harrow may apply, when their time with Alma Mater is up, for appointments of a business character. No more will they take holy orders, eat dinners, or use such influence as they possess to secure employment in which drudgery is blended with under-pay, but they will lead an adventurous life in the whirling world of competition, and will not only receive a glorious remuneration, but will assist in keeping flying the flag of Britain's trade. Now this is a tremendous change to advocate, and I cannot help regarding with trepidation the possibilities of such an upheaval. If the idea "catches on," a mighty revolution will be effected which must fill an old-fashioned mind with dismay. I am absolutely at one with Mr. Morgan when he cries out

against the snobbishness which looks down on trade, and I quite agree that the prospects of those who go automatically into what are called the learned professions are in the majority of cases of the most dismal order. Nor is it possible to deny the honourableness and lucrativeness of the alternative he offers. Not one word of Mr. Morgan's on these points am I prepared to controvert, and yet I would bid him pause before he takes further steps in the direction of this great reversal of our mode of life. It is clear that he is very much in earnest in the matter, and his arguments are exceedingly plausible. With unerring sureness he put his finger on the weak points in the present system, and he offers glittering rewards to those who will follow where he leads. A young man standing on the threshold of life is bound to be attracted by the new programme spread before him, and will, in all probability, if he decides to adopt it, die a much more substantial person than if he treads the old paths.

The Awful Risk.

And yet I would bid Mr. Morgan pause. There is one possibility which, I fancy, has not occurred to him, one risk which he has not thoroughly weighed, or he would never, I feel sure, have put forward his astonishing scheme. I therefore implore him with all the earnestness of a sedate nature to give it his most careful consideration before he goes an inch further. If his plan should succeed, from where, I ask him, should we get our Archdeacons? If all the youthful energy and culture of our public schools and Universities are in future to merge themselves in commercial avocations, who in the days to

come are to perform archidiaconal functions? Conceive the condition of a country in which these functions are left unperformed, or are performed by the ill-bred and the unlettered. I care not what may become of the Bar. Woman is already knocking vigorously on the gates of the Inns of Court, and we might hand over to her the right of wrangling in our Courts. I am not over-interested in the fate of our Government departments. Possibly Woman could tackle their work of desultory routine as well as Man. Our diplomacy we might relegate to the alumni of the Board Schools, and our attorneys do not call for any anxious thought. But a shortage of Archdeacons no decent-minded citizen of this vast Empire can contemplate with anything like composure. The commerce

of Great Britain is all very well in its way. The Flag should no doubt be kept flying, and it would be a good thing to maintain our proud supremacy in the markets of the world. But not at such a cost. Tinker at the Constitution; revolutionise our daily life; put Art and Letters into the melting-pot; but lay no hand upon aught that appertains to the archidiaconal.

MOSTYN. T. PIGOTT.



THE NEW OPPOSITION WHIP: CAPTAIN JOHN GILMOUR, M.P. FOR EAST RENFREWSHIRE.

At the request of Mr. Bonar Law, Captain Gilmour is acting as Whip in the place of Mr. Wilfrid Ashley, resigned. The honourable and gallant member has sat for East Renfrewshire since January 1910. Born on May 27, 1876, he is the son of Sir John Gilmour, Bt. In 1902, he married Mary Louise, daughter of the late E. T. Lambert, of Telham Court, Sussex. He is an Hon. Captain in the Army, and Major in the Rifle and Forfar Yeomanry.

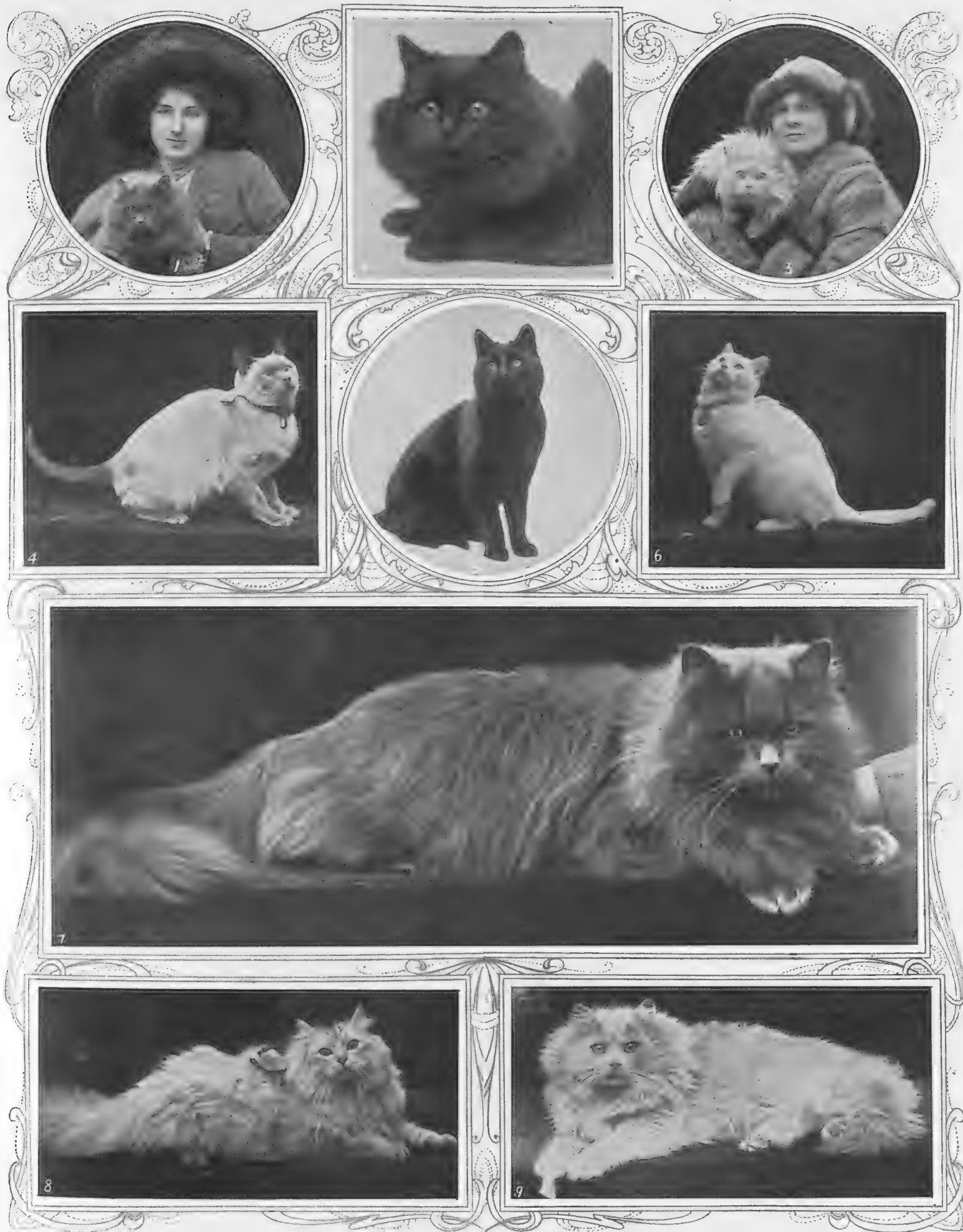
Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



IF TAKEN LITERALLY, SHE—"BUT I'VE NOTHING TO WEAR."

DRAWN BY GOOLD.

THE FASHIONABLE PUSS: KINGS AND QUEENS OF CATDOM.



1. MISS G. CHERTHAM'S BLUE LONG-HAIRED MALE OAKLANDS STEADFAST.

2. MRS. BENEST'S BLACK LONG-HAIRED MALE CH. DIRTY DICK.

3. MRS. POWERS-POTTS' A. O. C. NEUTER SILVER KING.

4. MISS HELEN HILL-SHAW'S SHORT-HAIRED SIAMESE YULI.

5. THE HON. MRS. CLIVE BEHRENS' SHORT-HAIRED NEUTER SATAN.

6. THE HON. MRS. C. REHRENS' WHITE SHORT-HAIRED FEMALE SWINTON WHITE VIOLET.

7. MISS G. CHERTHAM'S BLUE LONG-HAIRED MALE OAKLANDS STEADFAST, WHICH BEAT THE FAMOUS CH. SIR ARCHIE II. OF ARRANDALE (NEVER BEFORE DEFEATED) AT THE RECENT SOUTHERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB SHOW.

8. LADY SYBIL GRANT'S A. O. C. NEUTER ROLUS.

9. MRS. G. WILSON'S BLUE LONG-HAIRED MALE CH. SIR ARCHIE II. OF ARRANDALE.

Oaklands Steadfast was born on July 31, 1911, by Dougal ex Dot. Ch. Dirty Dick was born on May 28, 1911, by Eadsfield Delta ex Baby Smut. Yuli was born on March 8, 1912, by Caruso ex Kittie Mee. Swinton White Violet was born on Aug. 16, 1911, by Ch. Swinton White Heather ex The Stray. Rolus was born on June 6, 1906, by Ch. Lord Silvercote ex Kittie. Ch. Sir Archie II. of Arrandale was born in April 1907, by Sir Archie of Arrandale ex Blue Lassie of Arrandale.

Photographs by T. H. Everitt.



THOUGHTS FOR FOOD: THE MOST BESTIAL INSTINCT MADE A SACRED RITE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"FOOD for thoughts is what she means," I expect some puzzled readers to sigh, on a first glance at my heading. Ah, the sad fate of foreigners whose every finesse (or would-be finesse) is mistaken for a mistake nine times out of nine! But it would so far be right to place food foremost that without food there would be no thought. Instinct first and reason afterwards; but while we are ashamed of almost every one of our instincts, yet we turn the most bestial of them all into a sacred rite. To mystical souls religion is a necessity: to practical bodies necessity has become a religion—the cult culinary. They keep the hours of meals as the pious keep religious observances. They approach the dining-table as others the altar. They worship wine and revere meat. They do not eat to live, but live to eat. A modern young man asked me the other evening "to feed" with him after the theatre. The words evoked the ravenous tearing out with teeth and nails of pieces of raw flesh—the reality was the daintiest of suppers. But just as when you shake a doll, it causes its eyes to open, the shock of those two horrid little words "to feed" seemed to make me see with a new clearness what enormous importance our epoch of toothless gastritis attaches, or pretends to attach, to food. I say "pretend," because with most of the would-be gourmets, it is more of a pose than of an appetite, and still less of a passion. It is not even a well-sustained pose.

Strangely enough, while the *cave-et-cuisine* religion has fewer and fewer zealots in France, where yet chefs have creative powers and energetic curiosity, it is in England, the country of conservative cooking, that a sort of Renaissance (not in the Art, but in the appreciation of it, whether real or feigned) has sprung up. I say "feigned," for it is difficult to believe that people who do not know how to eat could enjoy what they eat. English people spend too much money on their meals, but not enough time. They talk food, but they do not taste it. I have been present at some luncheon-parties lasting at most forty minutes—hardly time enough to enjoy either the goodies before you or your neighbour's conversation. It is now the fashion, as a natural rebound after the Simple Life creed, to bring intellect to bear upon the exercise of the palate which, to be perfect, should be purely instinctive. The other day, during the hearing of a charge against a workhouse inmate who refused to work, the question of the workhouse dietary was brought up. A specimen of workhouse gruel

was tasted without enthusiasm by the magistrate, who made this typical twentieth-century remark: "It tastes to me *uninteresting*."

But then this magistrate belongs to a country who speaks of a *good* woman and of a *beautiful* soup! The only gruel that ever set me thinking was the one that solitary and starved old Scrooge warmed up over a mean fire preparatory to the coming of the defunct Marley. That gruel was truly interesting gruel; there was about it a sinister odour. The coals under its pan glowed with a hellish gleam; its very spoon was spooky and stirred uneasily like a soul in pain. That gruel had the Dickensian flavour.

Of all affectations, that about cuisine is the most irritating, for the divinest morsels have never been cooked at all. Can a peach, blushing under the sun's kiss, be surpassed in lusciousness? Can anything be more exquisite than an oyster wet from the sea? A chasselas bunch with grapes golden and swollen? You seldom hear of the simple delights of unprepared food. But the nonsense you do hear concerning cookery!—the ridiculous importance given to the smallest dish at a favourite restaurant, as if it were nectar and ambrosia, and honey from Hymette! That aforesaid young man with whom I was "feeding" reached the summit of absurdity by stretching the culinary jargon to a case of psychology! We were discussing the hero of a new novel. "And what sort of a man is he?" I asked. "Oh, the sort of man who likes *soupe à l'oignon*."

If you look at it afresh, and without the blindness inflicted upon you by tradition, it strikes you as cynically indecent that civilised people should eat in public. There is grotesque animalism in the munching and crunching, masticating and swallowing of our food, that custom alone prevents us from perceiving. I wonder whether a time will come when we shall consider a meal partaken of openly with the same prudish horror as we now look upon the old-time semi-public performance of the bath and the toilette of people of fashion? As I was thinking this aloud, that same aforesaid young man answered: "Do you consider these three acts

of necessary daily routine in the same light? Then, however much I like watching you 'feed,' I'd ever so much prefer to—"

Upon which I deliberately upset a glass of champagne. Ah, those young men whose fit decoration should be the Order of the Cordon Bleu, they may know just how much Parmesan to put into an oignon soup, but they have forgotten manners. Their palate is trained, but their tongue is loose.



ENGAGED TO SIR WILLIAM CODDINGTON, BT., MISS AIMÉE JOSEPHINE BARBER-STARKEY.

The engagement is announced of Miss Aimée Josephine Barber-Starkey, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Barber-Starkey, of Aldenham Park, Shropshire, and Sir William Coddington, Bt., of Wycollar Hall, Blackburn. Sir William is the first Baronet of a creation dating from 1896, and is in his eighty-third year. He is senior partner in a firm of cotton-manufacturers, has been Mayor of Blackburn and M.P. for Blackburn. In 1864, he married Sarah Katherine (died 1911), third daughter of the late William Thomas Hall. His motto is "Nil desperandum."

Photograph by Rúa Martin.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY AT A MEET OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S EASTBOURNE FOXHOUNDS: LORD WILLINGDON (IN CAP AND WITH STICK); WITH MR. ROLAND BURKE, THE DEPUTY MASTER.

Lord Willingdon, whose title dates from 1910, was formerly known as Mr. Freeman Freeman-Thomas. He was born in September 1866, and has been A.D.C. to the Governor of Victoria (Lord Brassey), a Junior Lord of the Treasury, a Lord-in-Waiting, M.P. for Hastings, and M.P. for Bodmin. In 1892, he married Lady Marie Adelaide, daughter of the first Earl Brassey.—[Photograph by H. R. Browne.]

MASKED AND DOMINOED TO DANCE FOR CHARITY: REVELLERS AT THE SAVOY.



1. MRS. REGINALD KELLAND, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE.
2. MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS AND PARTY, INCLUDING LADY DIANA MANNERS IN VENETIAN DRESS (STANDING).
3. MRS. LEONARD HOMAN.

4. MME. GINA PALERME AND MR. E. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, WELL KNOWN AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT AND WRITER.
5. MISS FANNIE WARD.
6. MRS. REGINALD KELLAND AND MR. R. P. MACGRATH.

There was held at the Savoy Hotel last week a masked ball, organised by Mrs. Hwfa Williams, in aid of the London Hospital. Dominoes of satin, or glacé silk, of yellow and blue were worn, and everybody was masked. The affair was a great success. Amongst those present were the Grand Duke Michael, the Countess Torby, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Diana Manners, Lord Cecil Manners, Sir Charles Hartopp, Sir Ernest Cassel, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl and Countess of Drogheda, the Earl and Countess of Portarlington, Viscount and Viscountess Massereene, Lord Dalmeny and Lady Sybil Grant.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.]



SEEKING THE RECORDS OF THE DEAD: MIKKELSEN IN THE ARCTIC.*

The Cause of the Quest and Its Beginning.

The arctic journey of Ejnar Mikkelsen was not a dash for the Pole; nor was it simply an affair of exploration. There was behind it greater romance than attends even races to reach an axis of our world, even the mapping of the white unknown. It was a search for the records of brave dead, adventurous spirits lured by the mysteries of the North and crushed by its icy embrace. It came about in this wise. In the summer of 1906, L. Mylius Erichsen set out, as head of the Danmarks Expedition, to traverse the unexplored part of the north-east coast of Greenland, from Cape Bismarck to Cape Bridgeman. Two years passed, and then it was known that the expedition had attained its object, but that the leader, Mylius Erichsen, with Lieutenant Hoeg Hagen and the Eskimo, Brönlund, had perished. So did Tragedy tread upon the heels of Triumph. The fate of the three was determined by Captain Kock, who, seeking the missing party, found the body of Brönlund and was able to bring back the sketch-maps made by Hoeg Hagen, and Brönlund's diary. The report ended with the following note (in Danish)—"Perished 79 Fjord after attempt to return over inland ice in November. I arrive here in waning moonlight, and could not go further for frozen feet and darkness. Bodies of the others are in middle of Fjord off glacier (about two-and-a-half leagues). Hagen died 15th of November, Mylius about ten days later.—Jorgen Brönlund." None of either Mylius Erichsen's or Hoeg Hagen's diaries or observation-books were found. In search of these records, the *Alabama* Expedition, under Ejnar Mikkelsen, started on the 20th of June, 1909. At the end of October they found signs of Brönlund—foot-tracks leading to a depot, empty cans and others full of preserved food, pemmican, peas, corned beef, fragments of wood, a "Lux" apparatus minus its feet, and then, a hole in the snow, "more fragments of wood and some reindeer hair It is a place of ill omen. . . . I will not attempt to describe our feelings when at last we discovered the body. Next day remains and depot were searched, with little result. Finally, all that was mortal of Brönlund was buried."

Forward for the Search.

So, the first section of the search was made, with difficulties great but not overwhelming. The next objectives were the notes and the bodies of Erichsen and Hagen. There was no trace of Erichsen's



56654 Germany
AFTER TWENTY-EIGHT MONTHS' ISOLATION: CAPTAIN EJNAR MIKKELSEN.

Reproduced from "Lost in the Arctic" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

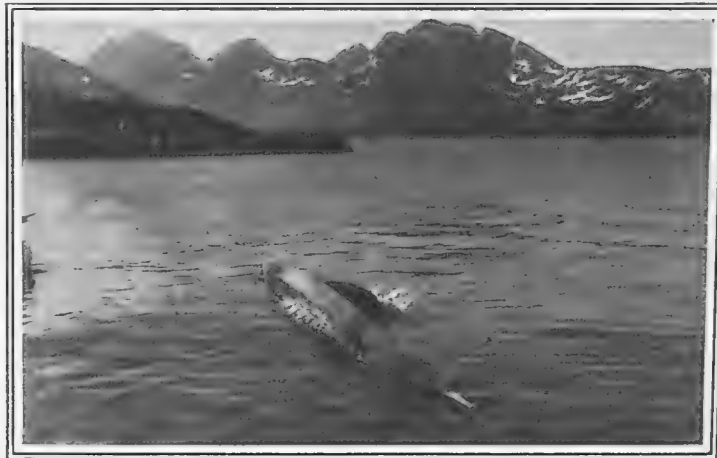
the expedition: "It is impossible to go on; we must unload and return." On the 22nd the conditions were better. The big glacier was climbed; more labouring through the snow and across ice, more and still more; gales; bitter cold; snow; bad ice; exhausted dogs; an error in calculation of latitude entailing another fifteen miles' journey; a broken-down sledge; treacherous crevasses gaping beneath snow; a farewell feast. Then, on April 10, Mikkelsen and Iversen were left alone.

The Search for the Diaries Beneath the Snow. Fighting for every step forward, the two marched painfully and magnificently, forced to use every grain of their knowledge, strength and skill, battling against Nature in her grimmest mood, their dogs as



56654 Germany
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEARCH FOR THE DIARIES: CAPTAIN EJNAR MIKKELSEN.

Reproduced from "Lost in the Arctic" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Heinemann.



BREAK-NECK EVOLUTIONS: AN ESKIMO MANOEUVRING IN A KAYAK.

Reproduced from "Lost in the Arctic" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

camp. It was time to turn south. "Once more we visit Brönlund's burial-place, and on the grave I lay a wreath and a winding-sheet—the first from Hoeg Hagen's parents, the second from Mrs. Mylius Erichsen. This, we thought, would best meet the wishes of the givers, since we had not found those for whom the tributes were intended." Then back to Danmarks Havn, and, later, to the *Alabama*. Christmas came and went, much work of preparation was done, depots were laid. The explorers started forward again. Their task was beset with troubles: dogs and men suffered. On March 21 it was written in the diary of

of this they turned out all the scattered tins, but found neither papers nor instruments. In a cache, however, they lit upon Erichsen's second message, packed in an empty thermometer-case. This was important, for it contained the statement: "The Peary Channel does not exist"; and it changed the explorers' plans, although they had doubts as to the matter. The march south began. Again peril after peril; illness; want of food; a messageless depot; others with provisions; scurvy; a feverish race with death, the grim death of hunger, to an empty depot; or again, hallucinations, semi-delirium; and at last, on Sept. 18, Danmarks Havn and plenty. Another northward march; then from Danmarks Havn to Shannon Island—to find the *Alabama* a wreck. That was on Nov. 25. Thus were Mikkelsen and Iversen stranded, once more the sport of Fate. On April 25 they began another journey to the North, to fetch the notes they had abandoned among a cluster of rocks in the Skaer Fjord. One of Mikkelsen's diaries had been destroyed by a bear; the rest of the records were safe, and they were sufficient. Then followed the long wait for a ship. None came; so to work again. Another Christmas passed; and it was not until the April, when they were at Bass Rock, that the Norwegian steamer *Sjølomsten* found them and took them home.—So much by way of introducing Captain Mikkelsen's narrative of a remarkable quest most courageously carried out. Let it be added that the book, with its wealth of fascinating detail and its illustrations, cannot fail to hold the attention of all to whom adventure calls, to thrill them, and to make them wonder and re-wonder at man's endurance and tenacity of purpose when he is endeavouring to unravel the knotty problems of the earth.

* "Lost in the Arctic: Being the Story of the 'Alabama' Expedition, 1909-1912." By Ejnar Mikkelsen. (Heinemann: 18s. net; Illustrated.)

A DEAD 'EAT.

FOR SALE.



THE COUNTRYMAN (after wrestling with a French menu, and alighting upon the Music Programme): Walter, bring me some o' that.
THE WAITER: Sorry, Sir; but the band's just playing it.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A Novel in a Nutshell

FLOWER OF THE SNOW.

A CHINESE STORY.

By F. HADLAND DAVIS.

I.

KOUAN-YU slowly walked down the street of a Chinese city, his very thin beard and his big sleeves blowing in the breeze. He looked the personification of wisdom, benignity, and solemnity as his little eyes gazed dreamily through his spectacles. Carrying a small bamboo stand under one arm and a number of books under the other, he might have been mistaken by a stranger for the God of Learning. People spoke to him, smiled, nodded, and the old man acknowledged their salutations with rather absent-minded courtesy.

Reaching a certain sun-baked wall, Kouan-yu set down the bamboo stand and placed the books upon it, as if they had been rare and delicate flowers it was necessary to arrange with extreme gentleness. When he had produced his writing materials, he gave himself up to the joy of meditation.

Those who did not know Kouan-yu would never have imagined that he was there in that busy street for the purpose of earning his living. For many years he had been a professional letter-writer. In that capacity he had learned much of human character, and certainly all that was to be known of inditing an epistle. He would write a letter for a mother to her wayward son, for a man to his bitterest enemy, for a girl to her lover, with equal felicity. No matter how persuasive or bitter or flowery his language, no matter how many choice extracts from the ancients he included in his clever epistles, he never charged more than a halfpenny for his labour. In sharp contrast with the sweet-seller by his side or the quack doctor opposite, Kouan-yu never solicited custom. He remained at his post all day long, impervious, it seemed, to either joy or sorrow—a patient, pathetic figure who cared not whether the sky was blue or overcast, whether he made many halfpence or not.

As the old man leaned over his stand, Ko-ngai, a pretty young woman whom he had known as a child, came up to him.

"Kouan-yu," she said, with a degree of familiarity that appeared appalling, "how beautifully ugly you are! Do please wake up and see the blue sky and the sunshine. Don't you know that it's a glorious spring day and that it's good to be alive?"

"Spring?" murmured the old man in a voice that was particularly melodious. "Ah, to be sure—spring! So many people want letters written for them in the spring—and they are nearly all love-letters."

"Of course! Why not? Isn't it better to fall in love when the trees are in bud than when they are covered with snow?"

"You are very romantic, Ko-ngai! The blossom of spring has got into your veins and your heart's in flower. The trouble with spring is that it doesn't last; and love is very much like spring, too. That doctor yonder is selling love-philtres because he's either a fool or a knave. I give away an antidote for love that is neither a liquid nor a powder, but wisdom more precious than pearls, more lovely than the palaces of infatuated emperors. Ah, child, don't be angry with me. You shall have the folly of love, the madness of spring, the delusion of a moment compressed into a love-letter. Who offers a pretty woman wisdom on a spring day?"

"I want no love-letter, seeing that I have no lover; but when I find a young man to my liking, who better than yourself to write the letter?"

"Who indeed!" exclaimed the old man without a smile. "My words flow like streams; they blossom like flowers; they sing to the clouds; they weep pathetically—tear-words in little valleys. Ah, if love could be like my letters, Ko-ngai, it would be worth having."

The old man paused a moment, and looked at two women who were loudly talking about the faults of their husbands, and then observed, "Confucius has said: 'A woman with a long tongue is a flight of steps leading to calamity.'" The bystanders laughed, and the women stopped talking about their husbands and upbraided the letter-writer instead.

When the crowd had ceased laughing and the angry women had moved away, Ko-ngai pulled the old man's sleeve, and said: "How is it that such a wrinkled, musty old fellow can write such wonderful love-letters? You, a thorough-going cynic, absorb the passions of your customers. Your brush flies over the paper, and behold! an aching heart has revealed its sorrow, or a happy heart its joy, in words that are not old and crabbed, but young and fresh—so beseeching, so exquisite, so magical!"

"Much practice will accomplish a fine love-letter—ah! pardon me a moment, Ko-ngai. Here is a gentleman in a great hurry. There's a scowl on his face—temper in spring!"

The man in question hurried up and with great excitement

poured forth a story of his having had two pigs stolen from him. He explained that he knew the offender, and wanted a letter couched in abusive and threatening language calculated to make the rascal return the animals.

"That is easily done," said the letter-writer, and his brush dashed off the most bitter words he could think of. "See, here it is," he said when the letter was finished, "and you will get your pigs back again for the modest outlay of one halfpenny. Thank you."

The excited man took his departure, reading the letter as he went with a grin of satisfaction upon his face and profound admiration for the professional letter-writer.

"And so," resumed Kouan-yu, "we turn from pigs to love. I have a fancy that before the spring has gone you will come to me and I shall write a love-letter for you. I wish, for your sake, that love's cup may be all sweetness, that the ecstasy may last, and that you may never drink the dregs."

Kouan-yu lit his little pipe and watched the pale blue smoke curling up into the deep blue sky. The old man was dreaming; but Ko-ngai still stood by his side trying to solve the mystery of his incomparable love-letters. Then she laughed gaily, and whispered: "Have you ever been in love?"

For the first time that day the old man's face relaxed into a smile. "I hold so many secrets," he said gently, "that I have not the heart to tell my own. Was there ever a man who did not answer to the beckoning hand of a pretty woman, who did not follow after the 'golden lilies' of a maid? Go where you will, into the palace of princes, into the abode of scholars—ay, into the remotest temple on some distant mountain—you will never find a man who has not fallen under the spell of a woman."

"Then, Kouan-yu, the dreamy-eyed, the spectacled, the bald-headed, the wrinkled, the ugly, you, too, have been in love?"

"Yes, even I was not always ugly and cynical; even I was in love once. In all my love-letters I am always writing either to Yua-nana or pretending that Yua-nana is writing to me. That's how it's done, little one—Hush! What is the doctor saying now?"

The old man and the girl listened. In a shrill voice the doctor was shouting: "My friends, in this bottle is the Elixir of Life. It will make the old young and the young retain their youth for ever. It is no common drug. I had the secret from Shin Nung, who, as all the world knows, was born with a transparent stomach. Shin Nung learnt it from Si Wang Mu, and Si Wang Mu, being a most coy goddess, wheedled the secret from the great P'an Ku, who evolved from chaos. Such a secret is yours for the asking—and for the payment of a few *cash*. Come, renew the vigour of youth and live for ever. Buy the famous Dr. Wang's Elixir of Life. Only a few bottles left, and the rare ingredients from which it is made will soon be unprocurable."

Ko-ngai had listened to these words with rapture upon her face. She moved to join the gaping throng that stood about the loquacious doctor; but the old man restrained her.

"Don't go," he said quietly. "The man is imposing upon his hearers, and his jargon savours of the Western devils."

"But," replied the girl eagerly, "the elixir is so cheap, and he will soon be unable to get any more."

"There will always be plenty of water, child, and always something to colour it with, just so long as there are fools ready to plant down their money for rubbish decked out in lying clap-trap. All glory and honour to the old Taoists who did discover the Elixir of Life, who rose into the sky and communed with the Immortals and never looked into the sad eyes of Death. I, too, have seen strange marvels—mountains of pearl, seas of ruby, palaces of jade; and once I beheld the glory of the Western Royal Mother."

By this time a crowd had collected about the old man, and, seeing the expectant faces of men and women and children, he took Ko-ngai aside, and whispered: "Come to my house to-night, and I will tell you a story."

Ko-ngai looked up into his face with a smile. "You will tell me the story of your love?"

"Ay," replied the old man, "about Yua-nana. Now go."

The letter-writer resumed his accustomed place, and his wrinkled face became once more inscrutable. The people good-humouredly clamoured for a story, but he neither saw nor heard them. He was quietly dreaming in the busy, sun-flecked street.

II.

That night Kouan-yu sat in his modest home waiting for Ko-ngai. He was no longer clad in the faded and ancient garments of the

[Continued overleaf.]

HANDICAPS.



1. IN THE OFFICE JONES IS THE PLUS MAN; HIS CLERK, 30 AT LEAST.
2. BUT—ON THE LINKS IT IS VERY MUCH THE OTHER WAY ABOUT.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

professional letter-writer. He was arrayed in a rich robe of blue-and-brown silk. There was a spray of spring blossom by his side and a half-filled wine-cup.

When Ko-ngai entered the apartment the old man greeted her with a friendly smile.

"Your robe," said the woman, touching it with her little fingers—"how beautiful it is!"

"Brown is the colour of autumn, and blue the colour of heaven," murmured the old man. "I only put on these garments when I am happy. I am very happy to-night. See, here is tea for you. Drink it. It is not ordinary tea. It has the aroma of precious flowers, and it will make you happy, too."

"Liquid jade," laughed Ko-ngai as she raised the small porcelain cup to her lips. "Surely the liquid jade of Luwuh!"

"Ay," replied the old man, "liquid jade. You are quite classical in your allusions. Good. There is no reason why a woman should always be a shadow of a shadow in an old man's home."

"Your story, Kouan-yu, you have not forgotten your story?"

"Can I ever forget it? Listen. Draw close. Pluck a piece of that spring blossom and put it in your hair. So shall we celebrate to-night the Festival of a Hundred Flowers, and the telling of a strange story with such a happy ending."

"When I was a young man, Ko-ngai, I was much given to study. I pondered over the sayings of Confucius and found them good, but not so good that they satisfied the cravings of my soul. I wanted something more than filial piety, more even than the Lord Buddha had to give, for I found his teaching a paradox because in the act of giving he took so much away. I wanted to drink deep of life for ever."

"There were certain days when I wandered far into the country and left my books behind me, days when I gave myself up to the beauties of Nature. One day—oh! the unforgettable sweetness of that day—the wild peach blossom, the scent of the damp earth, the song of bubbling cascades, and the far-away glory of snow-covered mountains brought me peace. On one of those mountains I saw a little hut from which there sounded a sweet, plaintive song. I could not hear the words of the song, but the voice floated down like the touch of a little child's hand. It entered my heart; it thrilled the blood in my veins. 'Yonder,' I said, shouting aloud for joy, 'is a man who will be my guide. He has learned great mysteries and found an abiding peace. I will go to him. I will drink of his wisdom and never thirst again.' How golden was the sunlight when I uttered these words and how glorious the waveless sea of the blue sky! The birds sang as they never sang before."

"It was a long way to the hut on the mountain; before I reached it I saw the sun lay his head on pillows of amber and sink to sleep behind a weary world. I saw the moon rise like a big bubble and go up, up into the sky. And the star-children came out to look at her, and some of them were only half awake, for they blinked their silver eyes. It was bitterly cold. My feet were bruised and bleeding; but I pressed forward, glad of heart, for the sweet song grew louder, till it sounded like a clear-toned temple bell."

"When I reached the hut I saw a man of great stature and with a countenance of wonderful beauty. I know not how to describe him, for now the gentleness of Kwanjin shone upon his face, and now the ineffable calm and wisdom of the Lord Buddha. Instinctively I knelt before him and prayed; but he raised me up, called me friend, and bade me enter. I was about to tell him of the song and how it had called me to him when, with a radiant smile, he said: 'I know, seeker of beauty and peace. Remain with me here, patiently follow my instructions, and you shall not taste of death, but of a life that knows no end.'

"Ah! Ko-ngai, how can I tell you of those wonderful days? The process of initiation was not easy. I made mistakes, I faltered, but my master was never angry. He explained so patiently the mystery of Tao, till even I learnt to walk upon the Way and to understand the secrets of existence. He read aloud strange books written by certain Taoists, who were more mystical, more spiritually venturesome than either Lao Tzu or Chuang Tzu. He taught me to breathe in such a way that I learnt the joy of absolute control and tranquillity, till finally the very air I breathed sustained me without the need of food or drink."

"One night my master came to me, and said: 'Friend, you are now prepared to gaze upon the beauties of another world. Would you ascend to heaven and see the Palace of Jade which the Yellow Emperor saw? Would you go to the Kingdom of the Moon where the Immortal Tree grows? Would you fly far, far away and look upon Si Wang Mu, the Western Royal Mother?'

"Ay, master," I replied, "I would fain see the glories of which you speak."

"Then my master brought forth a strange-looking powder that shone like the rainbow. 'This,' said he, 'is the Elixir of Life. Swallow it and you will be able to see all the wonders I have named.'

"When he had said these words, my master looked at me closely. 'Friend,' he whispered, 'there are those who, for all the beauties of the celestial world, yet yearn for human love. Should it be so with you, treasure this other powder, the Elixir of Death. Some there are who have found it the Elixir of Love.'

"I marvelled that my master should speak of death and human

love. For a moment I had the foolishness to think that the great one erred. I was eager for the Elixir of Life, eager to try my power, to gaze upon beauties that never fade. 'To the Kingdom of the Western Royal Mother!' I cried as I swallowed the first powder my master had given me."

"I went to the door of the hut. I breathed the cold mountain air in the way my master had taught me. In a moment I rose from the ground and travelled rapidly across the sky. Far away in the distance I saw Mount Kw'en-lun and observed upon it a mighty palace of gold and blue, and I knew that this was the abode of the Western Royal Mother. As I hovered above it two azure birds approached. 'We are the messengers of Si Wang Mu,' they cried. 'Lean upon our wings and we will carry you to her palace.' So, resting on the great blue birds, I floated down to an open court. Here I discovered hundreds of laughing and dancing genii throwing flowers at each other in a wondrous light that was not of the sun or moon or stars. I left the court and passed into the palace that was filled with the perfume of a strange incense. Standing at the end of a great apartment, I saw the Western Royal Mother, and gazed at her beauty for a long, long time. Then, faint with desire, I left the palace and walked by the Lake of Gems. The little waves broke into pearls and rubies on the shore. By the lake I saw a great pear-tree with golden fruit, the sacred tree that conveys the gift of immortality. 'To my dear master's hut,' I cried, intoxicated with the beauties I had seen. Up into the sky I flew—I was swept past the mountains of the moon, and so near to the stars that it seemed that I could almost gather them. Then, quicker than it takes to tell, I found myself in my master's hut."

The old man paused and looked at Ko-ngai. "Do you grow weary, little one? Is my story too long?"

"Go on, go on! I feel that something more wonderful is coming."

"Yes, yes," said the old man eagerly, "something more wonderful is coming now. Shortly after my visit to the Western Royal Mother, I wandered away from the mountain hut, strayed into the valley and mingled with the folk who could not perform marvels and laughed at the tales I told them. It was in this valley that I met Yua-nana. How red were her lips, and what laughter shone in her long eyes! I fell in love with Yua-nana. I said to her one day: 'I will go into the city and make money. You shall not wear cotton, but silk worked with blossoms and butterflies and little hills.'

"And so, having uttered many sweet words and exchanged with her many tender vows, I hastened to the City. Fortune favoured me, for in two years I had scraped together enough for us to be married, enough to dress the pretty Yua-nana in lovely garments."

"I returned to the village, carrying with me a robe of embroidered silk. When I entered the cottage where Yua-nana lived with her parents, I learnt that she had died that morning. I crept into the room where she lay and caressed her cold hands and pressed my cheek against her own. So still, so quiet she lay. When I had sat by her side for a long time, I arose and called Yua-nana's mother. She came to me, and between her sobs upbraided me for not returning sooner. 'So sad, so sad!' she kept on crying. 'So sad that she should die the day you came to take her away! Oh, fever is cruel! So sad, so sad!' 'Your daughter but sleeps,' I said gently. 'On yonder mountain is a great man who can work miracles. Let me bear her to him. By the power of his magic he will wake her.' The woman looked at me, and then shrieked aloud: 'Mad, mad! My daughter's death has made you mad! So sad, so sad!'

"I had my way, little one. They dressed her in the rich garments I had brought for her dear use. When the night came I lifted Yua-nana in my arms, and slowly I carried her up the mountain path. Long before I reached the hut my master met me. I laid my precious burden at his feet. 'Master,' I cried, 'see, my loved one has fallen asleep with a smile on her face. Wake her, master. Surely one drop of the Elixir of Life—'

"Her soul is beyond recall," said my master gently. 'Do you love her very much?'

"I wept for answer. I clutched his hand. I could not speak. Then I lifted my dead love in my arms and climbed to the summit of the mountain. 'Smile,' I said, 'smile under the snow, dear one, for in a little while you will hear me calling. You will come down from the mountain in your silk robes,' and as I talked, I covered Flower of the Snow with a white garment. That is the end of the story, Ko-ngai."

"Old man," said Ko-ngai, her voice quivering with emotion. "will you never die? You took the Elixir of Life, but you have said nothing about the Elixir of Death."

"No, I have said nothing about the Elixir of Death. I have written my last love-letter for a halfpenny. I shall never stand in the street again. Did I not tell you that I was very happy to-night? This robe, these flowers—little one, I have here something that is called the Elixir of Love. It will banish the snow on the mountain. It will make Yua-nana come to me."

The old man poured something into his wine-cup. He raised it to his lips with a smile. "Oh, Flower of the Snow, Flower of the Snow," he cried, "I come!" In a moment Kouan-yu fell forward, and in a moment two whispering shadows, so close together, sped out into the Far Beyond.

THE END.

"THERE'S THAT WITHIN —!"

FOR SALE.



"THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS AND THE SUITS OF WOE."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



ON THE LINKS

A NEW EXCUSE FOR MISSING PUTTS: DISCONCERTING AEROPLANES AT LA BOULIE.

Aeroplanes and Golf. The stranger who plays golf appreciates best the enterprise of the French in invention and quick development as it is displayed at some of the

be the result of the backwardness of some others. So golfers sometimes see more than other people.

Difficulties of Putting.

But it is not made any easier to hole a crucial putt when the buzz of a big biplane is hurtling in your ears, and it makes little difference whether the noise comes from the front or behind, or straight down from above. We had it all ways at La Boulie. Perhaps the very oldest of golfing stories, which never will disappear, despite constant attempts that are made towards its suppression, is that of the irascible old gentleman who, having missed an easy one on a seaside links, gazed everywhere in search of some excuse for himself, and finding that neither his opponent nor his caddie had moved, and that there were no birds singing at the time, fixed the blame on a white sail out on the horizon, and wrathfully inquired how any person could be expected to accomplish those difficult feats of skill, nerve, and endurance when the sea was covered with ships. Surely now a man can very reasonably inquire how he can hope to putt well if the air is laden with these new semi-human craft.

La Boulie.

All the same, the golf of La Boulie at Paris is very good. M. Deschamps, who is the President of the Société de Golf de Paris, interests himself very keenly in the improvement of the course. Within recent months something like £2000 has been spent in improving the turf, and the result is now very good indeed. As a winter course, its reputation used to be very bad; but it need not be that any more. Most of the worms have been killed, and the result of treatment upon the soil is that it has been greatly improved in golfing quality. One of the new features of La Boulie is an arrangement for the caddies which comes a little nearer to the ideal than is generally thought of. The boys are being trained under a semi-military system, and are being housed under the care of the club. One of the curious laws of France is that boys are not allowed, when under about fifteen years of age, to carry more than a certain weight, and this prohibits caddies from carrying a bag of clubs of more than usual size. As a matter of fact, you will find that the quantity allowed is something like ten clubs—of an average mixture—but, happily for some people, there is no weighing done on the first tee, and no Government officers there to see it done.

HENRY LEACH.



GOLF AT AIX-LES-BAINS: AT THE SEVENTH TEE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

country places round about the capital, where courses have been laid and have long since become flourishing institutions. I am thinking of aeroplanes. Until you have played at La Boulie, near Versailles, which is the charming headquarters of the Société de Golf de Paris (where I happened to be golfing again one day last week) you do not really understand what the French are doing in this matter, and how thorough and persistent they are in their enterprise; and unless you make visits to La Boulie with some regularity, you do not see how steady and rapid is their progress. The first time that I ever went there the era-making flight of Blériot over the Channel had yet to be accomplished, and natural disturbances were the only difficulties that were to be apprehended from the air by the anxious golfer with a somewhat fidgety temperament. Now it is different. With not so much exaggeration as you might think, the upper regions seem to be full of them at times—so full, indeed, as to make the addition of a few more a matter of no consequence. The French players and the caddies have reached the stage of indifference to them; the boys, indeed, could not, perhaps, tell you at the end of a round whether they had seen aeroplanes during their labour any more than they could swear that they had seen birds. It is a question that they would think ought not to be asked—unnecessary. But it will take some time for the English visitor to become quite accustomed to them; and for him, if he is a wanderer—as every golfer should be if he can—a new terror has been added to the game.

Reflections of a Golfer.

Last week, when we were playing at La Boulie, several aeroplanes were buzzing about all the time, and two in particular—a very large one which floated at a height that was not much more than that of a ball which you had got too much under on the tee, and another which was so far up as to make no difference—seemed to have a particular liking for that part of the air which was situated above the last nine holes. It is very wonderful. These airmen are mostly of the military section, and when you have forgiven them for the putts they have made you miss, you can give a moment to admire the forward spirit of these people—and, perhaps, to wonder upon what will



ENGAGED—APPROPRIATELY—TO A GREEN! MISS CHRISTIAN LEITCH.

Miss Christian Leitch, one of the famous five golfing sisters, is a daughter of the late Dr. John Leitch. Her fiancé, Mr. Harold Francis Green, M.A., is the eldest son of Mr. George Sangster Green, barrister-at-law.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



GOLF AT AIX-LES-BAINS: MISS PHIPS, OF AMERICA, DRIVING.

The Aix-les-Bains Golf Course is in the centre of the Vallée de Chambéry, and commands a fine view of the mountains.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



FROM THE EAST END TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA : AN AMERICAN TURN.

A VISIT to the Tivoli introduced me to quite a collection of novelties. Marie Lloyd had added a new and entertaining song to her repertoire; Bransby Williams was giving what he

called a "review of revues," into which he brought some capital mimicry; and Mr. Yorke Stephens, with a capable company, was trying, with considerable success, a new sketch entitled "The Wrong House." There was, in addition, a new one-act play by Gertrude and Jack Landa, called "Red 'Ria," which enabled Miss Edyth Goodall to give yet further proof of her powers of acting strong character-parts. The scene of the little play is laid in an East End tenement, where 'Ria, a girl with red hair that positively blazes, lives with a soiled and unpicturesque old person named Mrs. Perkins. Her own parents were not married, and her existence in these sordid surroundings is far from pleasant. In fact, she is in open revolt against Society and is a terrible termagant. When a certain Countess Tolhurst, who is benevolently disposed, pays a visit, 'Ria treats her overtures with contumely,



TO MARRY MISS PHYLLYS LE GRAND: MR. ROBERT MICHAELIS, THE JOZSI OF "GIPSY LOVE," AT DALY'S.

A portrait of Miss Phyllis Le Grand will be found in our Photographure Supplement.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

and metes out similar treatment to a Major Fitzaylwin when he likewise looks in. Red 'Ria sees red all the time, and the character finds an admirable impersonator in Miss Goodall, who does much with the part. The play is well conceived and put together, and finds favour with the audience.

In the Desert. The public's appetite for amusement seems to be insatiable, and some people go to extraordinary pains to cope with it. For instance, Mr. Paul J. Rainey organised an expedition in British East Africa with a view to obtaining cinematographic pictures of the big and small game of those distant parts, and the results are now to be seen every afternoon at the Holborn Empire. The entertainment Mr. Rainey has thus provided is of an extremely novel and instructive character. We are shown the start of the Safari, as the expedition is called. The native porters assemble in Nairobi, and, in company with their leaders and many camels and ponies, set out for the desert. Here we see the trapping of jackals and hyenas, and pictures of gazelles and other creatures. There are pictures, too, showing the idiosyncrasies of ostriches and a wonderful view of a cheetah-hunt, in which the animal takes refuge in the top of a tree, only to be followed and killed by the

hounds. But the *pièce-de-résistance* is the view of the Water Hole, a wild spot to which all sorts and kinds of beasts resort to drink. Huge rhinos disport themselves in this favoured spot; apes and baboons skip about all over the place; a pair of giraffes come warily in search of water; a herd of elephants pays a visit; and so do the wart-hog, the oryx, and the zebra. For months the operators have lain in wait for pictures, and sometimes they must have done it at the risk of their lives. One mighty rhinoceros, whose presence has been discovered by tree-climbing natives, charges and receives his quietus within a very few feet of the camera. Soon afterwards it is the lion's turn. Mounted men dash after the monarch of the forest when the hounds have found the scent, and after an exciting chase he is brought to bay and shot before our very eyes. For over two hours the audience is held fascinated by these unusual sights. One's attention is never allowed to flag, and there is always something to interest. At one moment we have the tragedy of the death of some great beast, and at the next the lively comedy of the monkey. Now there is trouble with a fractious camel, and now a fight between an ostrich and a native boy; while the scene where the Guaso Nyiro River is forded is as beautiful a picture as the cinematograph has ever taken.



THE NEW SKETCH AT THE TIVOLI: MISS EDYTH GOODALL AS "RED 'RIA."

"Red 'Ria," a sketch by Gertrude and Jack Landa, was produced at the Tivoli last week. Miss Edyth Goodall, who made so great a success in "Hindle Wakes," is here seen in the name-part.

With a new turn amongst the Piano.

staged at the Palace is one which cannot fail to appeal to the patrons of that establishment. It was there that Miss Margaret Cooper firmly established her popularity, and she was followed in due course by Miss Nina Gordon, who added to a like entertainment at the piano a certain amount of mimicry. It is now the turn of Miss Willa Holt Wakefield, who comes from the States, and is described as "America's foremost entertainer." Miss Wakefield certainly possesses great talent. She has but a small voice, but she uses what she has with great skill, and succeeds in making herself heard in the remotest parts of that big building. She accompanies herself well, and possesses a large selection of songs. They are, in most cases, very short, and they follow one another with great rapidity.

Like Helen Mar Anecdotes Lyricised.

On the night I heard her she sang no less than eight songs in a very short space of time. They were all bright and pointed lyrics, couched in the lightest of veils. It was as if Miss Helen Mar had had her anecdotes put into lyric form, and reeled them off at the piano. Miss Willa Holt Wakefield has a gay and attractive personality, and she has a note of pathos which she employs now and then with great effect. She is a decided acquisition. The Americans put a great deal of rubbish into their rag-time ditties and the songs with which they pad their musical comedies, but they have a very neat knack of writing the sort of songs Miss Wakefield sings, and she knows exactly how to render them. But somehow I wished she had not lumbered her piano with baskets of flowers and things.

ROVER.



LEAD IN "THE QUAKER GIRL" ON TOUR: MISS SYBIL COULTHURST.

That charming young actress, Miss Sybil Coulthurst, is on tour with Mr. George Dance's "Quaker Girl" company, which was at Chatham on Jan. 19, is at Newport this week, is to go to Swansea, Cheltenham, Coventry, and Colchester during next month, will then go to Grimsby for the week beginning March 2, and will then be three weeks round London.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



CHANGES OF ADDRESS—A NEW CARBURETTER—"AULD REEKIE'S" EXHIBITION—A COLONIAL CAR.

**Warner
Speedometers'
Pied-à-terre.**

211, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. It is a feather in the cap of this speedometer that no fewer than fifty-three manufacturers have adopted it as a part of their standard equipment. This means, of course, that those responsible for the output of these numerous cars have realised that the qualities of the Warner Speedometer warrant them in making it their selection.

**Métallurgiques
Moving.**

The Métallurgique car has so strongly established itself upon English soil, and the demand has increased so largely, that, in order to cope with this large extension of business, Messrs. Métallurgique, Ltd., will remove to very handsome and spacious show-rooms in Regent Street, where they will be the first firm to establish themselves in the part of this fashionable trade thoroughfare north of Piccadilly Circus. The administrative department is, however, now in process of concentration at the Métallurgique Works at Cricklewood, which are in course of enlargement for the necessary office accommodation. In Regent Street the Métallurgiques will have as neighbours hard by the Napiers, in New Burlington Street, the Rolls-Royce cars in Conduit Street, and the Crossleys and De Dions in Great Marlborough Street, with a dash of the outlander, in the shape of the Overland, in Heddon Street.

**The New Daimler
Carburetter.**

It would seem that to attempt to improve the Daimler car as at present issued from the big works at Coventry would be to gild refined gold or paint the lily; but as there is nothing so good but that

carburetter, it has gone many steps beyond it. While the French folks employ a central jet, and admit the additional air through orifices of varied diameters closed by balls of varying weights, the Daimler apparatus has a central jet and six surrounding jets, each of which comes under a ball-closed orifice from which the ball has to be raised by the engine-suction before the jet can deliver petrol. It is the variable responsiveness of these balls, and the variable amount of petrol and air admitted, that give to these carburetters the qualities which endow the engines fitted with them with remarkable responsiveness and acceleration.

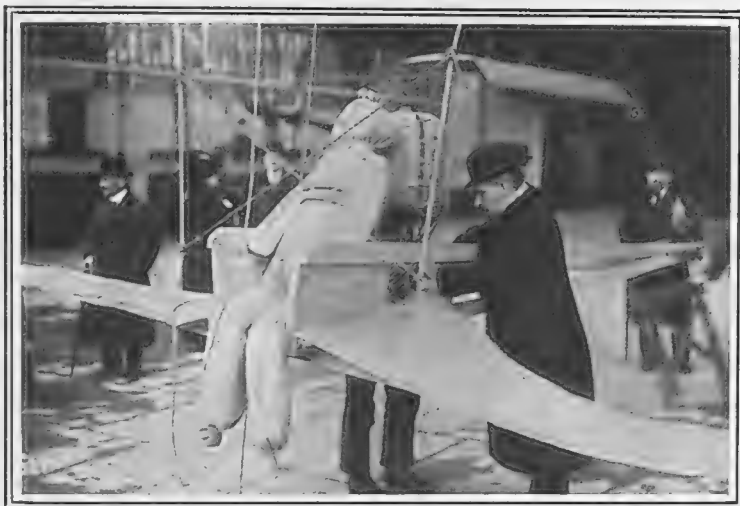
The Scottish Show.

This week the motorists of Scotland are betaking themselves to "Auld Reekie" for the Automobile Show promoted by the Scottish Motor Trades Association. Last year the Exhibition was held in Glasgow, so this year it is the turn of Edinburgh, as the Show is in future to oscillate annually between the social and the commercial capitals of Scotland. It is more than a pity that neither Glasgow nor Edinburgh possesses a really suitable building for expository purposes. But the executive make things as easy as possible for the exhibitors, and this year much has been done towards the proper heating and ventilation of the Edinburgh building. The Exhibition was opened on Friday last by the

Grand Old Man of Automobilmism, the Rt. Hon. Sir J. H. A. MacDonald, K.C.B.

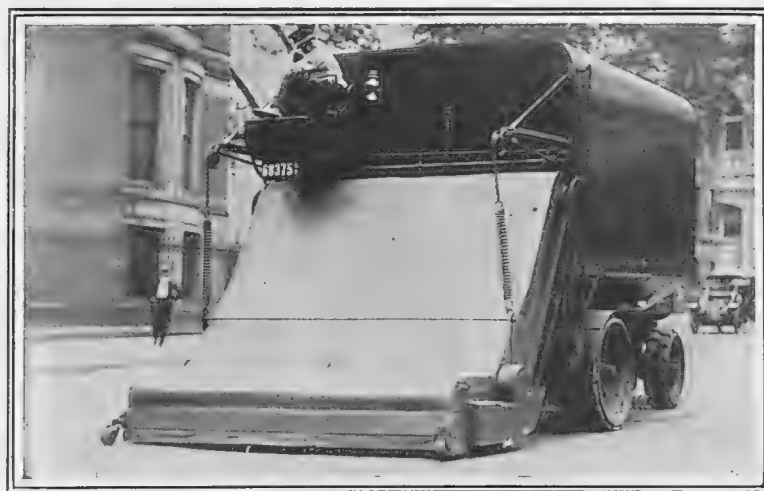
**The Downs Car
for South Africa.**

Sir Sothorn Holland, the British Trade Commissioner for South Africa, was much interested in the official three-days' test of a 15-h.p. Colonial Napier, over a killing course on the South Downs, when, as I indicated at the time, the car was subjected with such success to tests of great severity, in climbing rough, rocky sheep-tracks, stark



EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VILI: A DUMMY AIRMAN TO TEST
A LIFE-SAVING PARACHUTE FOR AEROPLANES.

Various parachutes have been invented with a view to save the lives of airmen in accidents. Our photograph illustrates a dummy used to test one such parachute recently seen at Issy-les-Moulineaux. In this case the chief point is that, at the critical moment, the airman fires a dart, which causes the parachute to rise and open out. He is attached to the parachute by a rope.—[Photograph by Delius.]



ONE MORE EQUINE STRONGHOLD CAPTURED BY THE FORCES OF AUTOMOBILISM: A NEW MECHANICAL STREET-CLEANER
RECENTLY PLACED ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—A FRONT AND SIDE VIEW.

One by one the horse finds his spheres of usefulness invaded and captured by the all-conquering automobile. He has long ago practically retired from the contest in the matter of cabs and buses and private carriages. Even in polo he sees encroachments on his kingdom. Possibly soon we shall go a-hunting on motor-bicycles. But there is one thing, fortunately, that cannot be done with a motor, and that is, to make an internal-combustion engine into potted meat.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.]

thinking-can-make it better, a new and most ingenious carburetter is put forward for the Daimler cars. Now, the carburetter is the very heart of the internal-combustion engine; and the better service it does, the better the engine in due proportion. Students of automobile engineering will be interested in this particular vapourising and atomising apparatus, for while in part adopting the principle of the well-known French Grouvelle and Arquembourg

itches of one-in-four, and worse, and all during very hot weather. Sir Sothorn has already driven a 15-h.p. Napier many thousands of miles in South Africa, and after making a personal test-run in this identical car, which received such a bucketing without being one penny the worse, he decided to purchase it, in the strong belief that a car that would withstand such usage and still come up smiling would take him through any part of South Africa without fear of breakdown.

THE MOST CRYPTIC OF PATENT MEDICINES: THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

AND so the faith of the alchemist is not dead. That most notable elixir, the invaluable, the potent, the perfect, the sublime, the veritable elixir vitæ, no longer remains in the clouds: it has reached half-way to earth, it seems. For Dr. Doyen has given us a new sensation and a new medicine, which, if not the desiderated bestower of immortal youth upon those who kiss and quaff its golden draught, is at least reputed to cure most things that we do not want, from cold in the head to diphtheria dire. The rest of us all thought that history was right when she closed her pages with "finis" under the name of Dr. Price, of Guildford, who committed suicide when challenged to reproduce, in the presence of two members of the Royal Society, the phenomenon by which he alleged that the gold exhibited by him to George III. had been made by himself from two powders of his own manufacture. History was too precipitate, it seems.

Roger Bacon's Prescription.

Well, men who stand better with their posterity than many of the illustrious contemporaries of Dr. Doyen, of Paris, are likely to do, gave their lives and fortunes to this question of the elixir of celestial efficacy. Lord Chancellor Bacon believed in it; Isaac Newton sought it before a falling apple drove alchemy out of, and gravitation into, his head. Roger Bacon, the father of modern scientific inquiry, not only believed in it, but, by way of propitiating him, sent Innocent IV. his actual prescription for the elixir of life which was at least to confer incredibly long days upon his Holiness. But inasmuch as it has been declared easier to collect the leaves of the Sibyl than the works of the Marvellous Friar, the task of retrieving the recipe must be left to one with more leisure than the present writer. Roger Bacon regarded gold dissolved in nitro-hydrochloric acid as the elixir of life; but as he never got it, we do not know if that were the drink that he advised the Pope for his morning draught. Alchemy persisted for a thousand years and had a thousand times as many professors. But it would be difficult to collect at this time a score of intelligible prescriptions. Each man's prescription was that man's secret. Even if an outline were given to the profane, there always remained the x , the unknown quantity, the veiled paramount element. Even Sir Kenelm Digby's "sympathetic powder," which cured the absent as often as he was ill, whether of wound or woe or mere *anno domini*, was kept the deepest of secrets until the humbug-philosopher's death, when his chemist revealed the story.



ENTHUSIASTIC FOLLOWERS OF THE QUORN: MR. AND MRS. EDWARD PAGET, OF NANPANTAN HALL, AT A MEET AT SHEPshed.

Photograph by Topical.

An Elixir and a Brass Automaton.

All the old prescriptions ran into scores of ingredients, and that which has been traced to Arnold de Villeneuve as his elixir vitæ was, for the times, unreasonably economical. Every night the person

intending so to prolong his life must rub himself with the marrow of cassia, and place upon his heart a plaster comprising Oriental saffron, red rose-leaves, sandal-wood, aloes, amber liquefied in oil of roses, and the best white wax. If, says the instructions, he be of sanguine temperament, he shall take sixteen chickens; if phlegmatic, twenty-five; and if melancholy, thirty; which he shall put in a yard where the water and air are pure, and there feed upon broth made of serpents and vinegar. The treatment has to be taken for a course every seventh year, and then you can go on living till living is a bore. Thomas Aquinas and Albert Magnus conducted their quest in company, and we are to suppose that their automaton of brass, which walked and talked and served them, was animated by the delectable fluid—only the figure talked too much one day while Thomas was at his mathematics, so that he took a hammer and smashed it, elixir or no elixir, and it was never re-animated.

An Elizabethan Panacea.

The spirit of the alchemist lived on in the surgeons of the spacious days of good Queen Bess. They employed precious metals and gems; they employed also the most loathsome of ingredients—the heart snatched from a living man, the liver of a dead criminal—and hoped for the immortality of their patients. Here is one of the least noxious of Elizabethan cure-alls: "Take two drachms of white perles; two little peeces of saphyre; corneline, emeralds, granettles, of each an ounce; setwal, the sweate roote doronike, the rind of pomecitron, mace, basel seede, of each two drachms; rootes both of white and red behen, ginger, long peper, spicknard, folium indicum, saffron, cardamon, of each one drachm; of troch, diarodon, lignum aloes, of each half a small handful; cinnamon, galinga, zurubeth, which is a kind of setwal, of each a drachm and a half; thin pieces of gold and sylver, of each half a scruple; of musk half a drachm." So the prescription runs, and our ancestors, after loading themselves up with metal and mineral in this manner, knew not appendicitis. But there was an art in the brewing, for they were bidden, "Make your electuary with honey emblici, which is the fourth kind of miro-



REPORTED TO HAVE DISCOVERED "THE ELIXIR OF LIFE": DR. DOYEN, WHO, IT IS SAID, CLAIMS TO CURE NINETY-NINE DISEASES, WITH MYCOLYSINE.

Dr. Doyen, the famous French surgeon and man of science, claims, it is reported, to have discovered, in a mixture labelled "Mycolysine-solution colloïdale phagogène polyvalente," a veritable elixir of life; for it is said that the mixture will cure ninety-nine diseases, from consumption, cancer, and foot-and-mouth disease, to a cold in the head. It is assumed that the liquid consists of a substance in colloidal solution, which has a stimulating effect on the white blood corpuscles (otherwise phagocytes) whose duty it is to repulse invading micro-organisms. It is suggested that mycolysine may be a colloidal solution of actual phagocytes.

Photograph by C.N.

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WITH HER SON, WHO ATTENDED HIS FIRST MEET: LADY DOROTHY FRASER, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF COVENTRY.

Photograph by Topical.

fort. It causeth them to be boldly-spirited, the body to smell wel, and ingendreth to the face good coloure." Yet the physician is one with those that drained his draught. Will the newest be any more effectual?



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Our Vanishing Elegance.

It would look as if our insular reputation for extreme elegance were in danger, so far as our menkind are concerned. More and more does the Englishman assume a curiously casual and sketchy costume, and he appears in Piccadilly of an afternoon in clothes which would have horrified his father and grandfather. But even if our youth—gilded or impecunious—affect brown shoes, lounge suits, and felt hats in the daytime, up to now they were always dazzling in their evening dress. It was the sign and symbol of an outsider not to be seen in black and white after seven-thirty. The heavens might fall or earthquakes rage, but your self-respecting Englishman would always change for dinner. It has been said that the prestige of this amazing Empire has been largely kept up by the unbending rule of the Englishman—even in African swamps and Indian jungles—of dressing at sunset and eating his evening meal according to the ritual which obtains among the upper and professional classes in these islands. Yet now we hear of the astounding proposal to abolish the rule of evening dress in the stalls of London play-houses. Already at the Savoy Theatre the time-honoured custom is in abeyance, while at the variety houses there are usually more tweed suits than swallow-tail coats and shining shirt-fronts. Certainly the change does not make for elegance, but it may, in these casual and democratic days, fill the stalls. Possibly, within a decade, London theatres will look as dowdy—so far as the audience goes—as those of Continental and American cities. I remember going to the Opera at Prague and seeing all the feminine spectators attired in what Andrew Lang used to call "a kind of shirt and kind of skirt," and this although most of the men wore the dazzling and beautiful uniforms of the Austro-Hungarian army. Will Covent Garden in June, one day, look like this—without the military splendour? It is "up to the women," at any rate, to keep the flag of Elegance flying.

London the Town for Women.

There is no doubt that London is the town in which women-folk have the best time in the world, and I am not ignoring the charm and sprightliness of New York. It is partly because London is so vast and busy as to be indifferent to petty gossip, so that people can go about together, lunch, dine, and frequent theatres, without—as in Paris, for instance—arousing all the malicious tongues. The new comradeship between men and women has done more for the feminine sex—and incidentally, for the masculine—than all the laws which are on the statute-book. For it conduces to mutual understanding, sympathy, and toleration. This freedom, curiously enough, does not lead to abuses, and the attitude of the eighteenth-century Young Person as exemplified in Richardson's novels would be a strange anomaly in our civilised times. Nowadays, sisters share

most of the pleasures and advantages of their brothers, even including clubs, latchkeys, and a reasonable amount of freedom. Such is the charm and attraction of modern English life that the enlightened Parisian girl, brought up by English governesses and well read in English fiction, looks upon London as a place of unlimited delight and freedom. In London, to be sure, there is—what you can rarely find in any other capital—a class of leisured and cultivated men who are available in the day-time for purposes of sociability. This makes for the gaiety of Bond Street and Piccadilly of a morning, of the smart restaurants at luncheon-time, and of the picture-galleries and tea-places in the afternoon. Thus, in London, a woman can have all the amusement in reason without going out in the evening at all, if circumstances are against her doing so. In New York, in the day-time, no black coats are to be seen, for it being the national custom for men to have an occupation, the few leisured ones hide themselves in their clubs till evening, rather than appear in an overwhelming assemblage of petticoats. In social matters, as in most others, England is perhaps the freest country in the world.



THE COMB AS THE BASIS OF MODERN COIFFURE.
ONE OF THE LATEST DESIGNS IN TORTOISESHELL.

the last way in the world to approach a people who are fiercely Individualistic in their private lives, whatever they may do in the way of trades unions or strikes. That one thousand persons of the

What English People Don't Like. In the *Contemporary Review* there is a well-meaning proposal to solve all our Labour troubles and combat Syndicalism by forming model labour-colonies of 5000 persons to be housed in five vast hostels. We may be sure that this

is the last way in the world to approach a people who are fiercely Individualistic in their private lives, whatever they may do in the way of trades unions or strikes. That one thousand persons of the working classes would cheerfully hobnob in a huge public building which they would probably regard in the light of a penitentiary is at present unthinkable. People of the artisan class are not sociable, and do not make friends with the ease and indifference that we do. It is the pride of the better-class working-woman, especially, to "keep herself to herself," and she finds all her interests in her man and her children. It is well known that, in this particular class, women who go for walks, or visit much at each other's houses, are regarded with suspicion. Yet in these proposed hostels—to house one thousand men, women, and children—there are to be no private parlours or kitchens, and everyone is to eat, read, smoke, and amuse himself in public. The idiosyncrasy of the English being to make a Home—however small—and stay there, some other more attractive scheme must obviously be thought out. It is true that large sums could be saved by this kind of co-operative living, and that most of the women-folk would be liber-



COMBS AS THE BASIS OF MODERN COIFFURE: SOME OF THE LATEST DESIGNS
IN TORTOISESHELL.

Great importance is given to ornamental combs by the increasing simplicity of the present-day coiffure. As curls and the chignon have given way to the swathing of the hair round the face and over the ears, so the comb becomes more necessary as a form of decoration. These combs are more often in a square or horseshoe shape, some with big knobs on them, and others having a high gallery studded with steel or paste and coloured stones. The latter shape is especially convenient as a means of hiding the base of the aigrettes or paradise-plumes which are now so much worn.

ated from all household drudgery, and would be free to earn their living at trades and industries. But much of the charm and discipline of human life would disappear under this régime, and a race of mere toilers would replace the builders of a modest home.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 12.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THERE are now several dividend announcements in this group to be considered, and, on the whole, it can be said that they are quite as satisfactory as could be expected; and if the remaining Companies make as good a showing the market will be satisfied.

The Great Eastern result, to which we referred last week, was disappointing; but the Brighton Company's dividend was better than expected, in view of the fact that the gross increase for the half-year only amounted to £12,400. The distribution for the whole year on the undivided Ordinary stock is made up to 5 per cent. against 5½ for 1911.

The most noticeable features of the Report of the South Eastern and Chatham Companies are the extent of the under-publication of traffic—nearly 25 per cent., in fact—and the large increase of expenses, amounting to £64,400, most of which is likely to be permanent. As a result, the net balance available for distribution between the two Companies is £3400 lower.

The Report of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway rather naturally made the market pause, as, in spite of an increase of £147,600 in gross receipts, there has apparently been no improvement in net profits, the dividends being the same as a year ago.

The dividends announced on Friday were satisfactory, although they failed to counterbalance the depressing effect of the news from Constantinople. The London and South Western directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. on the original Ordinary stock, which gives the Deferred stock 13-8 per cent. for the year, against 2 per cent. twelve months ago.

The Great Central result is interesting, and we hope to go into the position more fully when the Report is made public. All the Preference stock, down to and including the 1889 issue, will receive their dividend in full, and 1½ per cent. for the whole year is paid on the 1891 Four per Cent. Preference—a year ago, it will be remembered, this issue received its interest in full, and the 1894 Preference received 10s. per cent. It is clear from this that a large part of the gross increase has been retained as net, and we look upon the result as most creditable.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

The Market was pleased with the latest move of Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and his Company in asking the Government to release them from their contract. It is suggested that the directors are doing this as a counter blast to the interim Report of the Committee, and this may well be so, but, apart altogether from this question, the move is a very astute one. If the final decision is against the contract, the Company will have lost nothing, and if, as is more probable, the decision is in its favour, the Government will have to approach the directors again.

The Report of the Premier Oil and Pipe Company for the thirteen months ending March 31 is especially interesting in view of the talk of a syndicate to put up the price of the shares. The directors have decided to pay the dividend declared some time ago, and this makes the fifth dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum which has been paid. This required £91,200, and the Report shows that there was an available balance of £93,000; so it will be seen that there is very little margin. Nothing has been allowed for depreciation, which is a most serious factor for all oil companies, and it is to be hoped the directors will deal fully with this question at the meeting.

German interests have taken large blocks of the Preferred shares, and this is a bull point. It is quite possible that the Ordinary shares will be put to a higher price, but we are not enamoured with their prospects as an investment.

Those who bought Georgia Light and Power stock owing to the semi-official statement which was circulated in the market a little while back have genuine cause for complaint. The figures quoted gave rise to reasonable hopes of a distribution of something like 3½ or 4 per cent. in April, whereas, owing to certain additional capital being "overlooked," the actual earnings are on a much lower basis, and the price has now dropped back from 53 to 44.

The Report of the Chersonese (F.M.S.) Rubber Estates, which has just appeared, is one of the most satisfactory issued by any of the young companies for some time past. The crop of rubber amounted to 216,300 lb., which was sold at an average price of 4s. 8d. per lb., against 5s. a year ago, but the cost has been reduced by 1s. per lb. to 2s. 9d. This figure appears quite high enough, and we are glad to notice that it is hoped to reduce it still further. The net profit of £20,800 compares with £6200 a year ago, and enables the directors to declare a first dividend of 10 per cent., and £2100 against £2600 is carried forward. The estimate of next year's crop of rubber is 400,000 lb.

The Maypole Dairy Company has been making remarkable progress during the last few years, and the Report just issued shows that 1912 was no exception to this rule. The net profit amounted to £551,693, against £491,736 in 1911. The directors are thus enabled again to place £10,000 to reserve, to pay a dividend of 4s. 3d. per 2s. Deferred share, against 4s. for 1911; while the carry-forward is increased from £40,437 to £73,500.

A proposal is to be brought forward at the coming meeting to increase the capital from a million to £1,400,000.

The issue, at par, of £250,000 5 per cent. Auckland Harbour Board Debentures, the prospectus of which appeared on Friday, is well worth the attention of investors, and it would be difficult to find a more attractive 5 per cent. security. These Debentures are part of a total authorised of £1,000,000, of which £500,000 has already been issued.

The £250,000 4½ per cent. Debentures, which were issued at 101 in 1909, are now quoted at par, so that the terms of the present issue appear very favourable, and the bonds are redeemable at par in twenty years' time.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS.

A number of correspondents have written to us asking for further recommendations in this group of securities, and we are therefore very pleased to be able to print the following note from our correspondent "Q"—

It is good news for stockholders of the various financial trust companies that there is a prospect of a little competition in the market for these stocks. Up to now the whole business has been in the hands of a single firm of jobbers, with the result that there have been persistent, and quite justifiable, complaints of the want of a free market in the stocks of this important group of Companies. As a rule, the quotations for the Ordinary or Deferred stocks of trust companies have been 20 points or more below their intrinsic value, judged on any fair basis, and it has naturally followed that the holders of these stocks have declined to part at the price quoted, so that it has become quite a rare thing for any stock to come on the market except when a death occurs. If, as a result of the new departure, the quotations for these stocks should approximate more nearly to their real value, it is at any rate probable that there may be more stock in the market, and both buyers and sellers will benefit. Four of the leading trust companies have issued their reports for the past year within the last fortnight, and in every case the dividend has been increased. The Metropolitan Trust has increased its dividend to 13 per cent., and the Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust to 8 per cent. for the year. The Omnium Investment Company's rate has been raised from 5 to 6 per cent., and the River Plate and General Investment Trust has for the *ninth successive year* raised its rate of dividend, paying for the past year 11 per cent., as against 10 per cent. last time. With regard to the Foreign and Colonial Trust dividend, your readers were advised recently in this column of the probable increase, and I have reason to believe that some of them were able to buy some of the Deferred stock 10 points below its present figure of 145, in which is included £5 10s. of dividend. At 145 ex div., the stock will still pay over 5½ per cent. to a buyer, and it would be very difficult to name a better secured investment returning that rate. The River Plate and General Investment Trust, although with a smaller capital, which is in some respects a disadvantage, has been managed with great ability, as the dividend record above mentioned is sufficient to prove. Although it is distributing 11 per cent., the actual income for the year is equivalent to 13½ per cent. on the Deferred stock, and the directors are again putting an amount equal to 2 per cent. on the Deferred stock from revenue to reserve. A careful examination of the list of investments, which is available for every stock-holder, leads to the inevitable conclusion that the dividend for 1913 will again show an advance, probably to 12 per cent. A valuation of the Company's assets made by the Auditors at the end of the year shows that the break-up value of the Deferred stock is over 220, after payment of the final dividend of £7. The present market quotation is 202½ cum. div., or £25 less than the break-up value, which is a good illustration of the under-valuation referred to in the opening paragraph. I expect to see the dividend increased to 12 per cent., and the quotation improve to 220 within the next twelve months.

Saturday, Jan. 25, 1913.

Q.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. S. C. (Birmingham).—You had better divide the money between A. Hoffnung and Co. Preference, J. Sears and Co. Preference, and No. 1 on your list. You would do far better by dealing through a Stock Exchange firm than through the one you mention.

"Q."—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule V. Rock Investment Company Preference should suit you. See note this week.

T. G. W. (Putney).—There is nothing wrong, but a large block of shares came into the market. We believe they have now been absorbed. We think you can safely hold (1) and (2) on your list, and (4), although we are not in love with Mexican securities; (3) and (5) are more speculative, but seem reasonable risks; (6) you seem to be in a position to form your own opinion.

J. B. (Dundee).—Nos. 1 and 2 are excellent, but we should prefer Leopoldina Terminal 5 per cent. Debentures or the new Auckland Harbour Debentures to No. 3.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the prospectus of the Motor Owners' Petrol Combine, offering for subscription at par 6 per cent. Debentures, participating Preference, Ordinary, and Deferred shares. The promoters state that the Company has been formed to enable motorists to secure for themselves some of the profits which are now being made by the groups controlling the existing supplies of petrol. The lists will open on Friday, Jan. 31.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Hard Hats for Soft Heads.

State to every girl when she arrives at a certain age. The effect of this heady legislation will, it is hoped, immensely moderate milliners' bills, and yet admit of women manipulating their head-gear into the latest shapes. Doubtless, also, in the far-reaching thought of this astute legislator, is the notion that aluminium would be difficult to trim. It would be a hard matter to secure twenty pounds' worth of ospreys on this hardware hat. American women have not soft enough heads to be legislated for after this manner. If they have to wear hats of aluminium, be sure they will pay out their menkind by looping them with pearls and diamonds and using their head-gear aggressively in crowded places. Why, even we British women would not wear kitchen-utensil head-gear at the order of our menkind; and we are so much meeker and better brought up than our American cousins!



TO MARRY THE HON. ELIDOR RONALD CAMPBELL ON THE 29TH (WEDNESDAY): MISS VIOLET BULWER MARSH.

Miss Violet Bulwer Marsh is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bulwer Marsh, of Parkdale, Newport, Monmouthshire.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

last to be passed. In the days of our great-grandparents there was a fine dignity about our furniture—grace of line, genuineness of wood, warmth of colour, beauty of design. In early Victorian days we had too much substantiality—things became heavy and cumbersome. Later on we fell on worse ways, and had veneer and gimcrack furniture; now we have gone back to a real appreciation of the old. To the credit of the well-known house of Bartholomew and Fletcher, Tottenham Court Road, it may be said that never have they been led away into meretricious paths. They have been established many, many years, and always have made the most beautiful furniture. They possess originals of everything in the best periods; and where the prices of these are too heavy, they make reproductions as beautiful and worthy as the originals—from which they can be distinguished only by experts. The plan the firm pursue is to get wood of the period and then to fashion the furniture like the original, having workmen imbued by that spirit which, in the old days, led them to put some of themselves into their work. The carving, turning, and polish are

The Spirit of Old Days.

song appears at the period of shoddiness and appearances kept up for a



TO MARRY MISS VIOLET BULWER MARSH ON THE 29TH (WEDNESDAY): THE HON. ELIDOR RONALD CAMPBELL

Mr. Elidor Campbell is the fourth son of the late Earl Cawdor, and brother of the present Peer. He is an Oxford man and has been called to the Bar.—[Photo. by Keturah Collings.]



GIVER OF A CAGELESS ANIMAL PANORAMA TO THE "ZOO": MR. JOHN NEWTON MAPPIN.

Mr. John Newton Mappin recently made a munificent offer, which has been accepted, to pay the cost of installing at the "Zoo" a cageless, open-air enclosure where wild animals can be seen at large in their natural surroundings. It will be known as the Mappin Terraces, and will be on the lines of the Hagenbeck Menagerie at Hamburg. Mr. Mappin is the founder and head of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR E. H. T. PARSONS: MISS MARION MARJORIE WINIFRED GLEN-COATS.

Miss Glen-Coats is the only daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Glen-Coats, of Ferguslie Park, Paisley, N.B. Major Parsons is a popular Chief Constable of the Metropolitan Police. He was at one time in the Royal Artillery, and served in the South African War.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

precisely like the original, and each piece is as reliable as that belonging to days of old. Small wonder that there is great demand for these really beautiful and dignified pieces, now that taste is improved and the public is satiated with ostentatious and vulgar imitations of fine furniture, which is only nice when it is real and solid and substantial.

Hygienic Heating. The coldest part of this winter is probably still before us. It is well, therefore, to bethink us of the heating of our houses. I hear that gas-heating companies throughout the country are so busy that they find it a matter of

much difficulty to meet the demand for stoves. They have been educating the public on the great advantages of gas-heating to such purpose that there is a rush for gas-fires. The new methods of heating are based on scientific fact. There is no smoke and no dust—tremendous factors for health. Now that gas-fires are genial and ornamental, as well as hygienic, comfortable, and scientific, it is small wonder that the demand for them is so great.

A Dogs' Day.

There will be a dogs' day at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall on the 30th, when the Peking Palace Dog Association holds its members' show. A Duke's eldest son, the Earl of March, is President, and an American multi-millionaire is Vice-President; Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox and her niece, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, will be judges, so the dogs will be highly honoured. Just now Pekingese are the fashionable canines, and very fascinating animals they are. Japanese spaniels are, perhaps, still more exclusive pets, being very scarce. As they rarely survive distemper, they are not so extensively kept as they were some time ago. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild had beauties, and gave Queen Alexandra a pair some years ago. It was with one of these dainty little dogs on her lap that Fildes painted her Majesty. Poms have a great vogue, and would have a greater, if they were not so much attached to the sound of their own bark. Griffons Bruxellois are charming as pets; but no pet dog of late years has attained to the popularity of Pekingese. Certainly every dog has his day; and cats, they say, have two afternoons!



THE NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO LORD ROBERTS: A SILVER STATUETTE REPRESENTING ARMED PEACE.

In honour of Lord Roberts' eightieth birthday, and his efforts on behalf of home defence, the National Service League have presented him with the statuette shown above and a cheque for nearly £5000. The presentation was made by Lord Curzon at Apsley House on the 22nd. The statuette was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street.



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA: LADY MANNING.

Lady Manning is the wife of Colonel Sir William Henry Manning, who has just been promoted from the Governorship of the Nyasaland Protectorate to that of Jamaica. She was formerly known as Miss Clara Maude Ross, only daughter of Mr. C. J. Ross, of 66, Grosvenor Street, and Heatherdene, Bagshot. Her marriage took place in 1910.

Photograph by Lafayette.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Knave of Diamonds."

By ETHEL M. DELL.
(Fisher Unwin.)

The Knave of Diamonds" is a story written to exploit the charm of a man—the knave of diamonds himself. His exits and entrances are always dramatic, and at times sinister. He carefully cultivates that strain of the sinister, otherwise one might be compelled to class him as one of the most gallant, ingenuous gentlemen who ever walked through a novel. But Miss Dell succeeds in creating a personality and an atmosphere that make the reader vaguely uneasy—"Something feline about him, a supple grace, a noiselessness, a guile: . . . a man of many subtleties—a man of tigerish temperament, harmless as a kitten in sunshine, merciless as a fiend in storm." This is not great impersonation, but it is pleasant enough, and the reader grows sufficiently fond of Nap Errol to be glad that the vicious husband, the saintly brother, and the charming heroine are there entirely for his good and happy ending.

"A Knight of Spain."

By MARJORIE BOWEN.
(Methuen.)

Every year almond-blossom lies pale upon the pavement, while spring grows sure of herself in the parks. And Londoners enjoying these gracious traditions like children—that is to say, with no gratitude and little sensibility—are also accustomed to a certain gay picture-book which is arranged for them behind a grey house in Piccadilly. The people who tell you with a pretty humility that "they don't know anything about Art, but they know what they like," will always find something they like there; and no picture will be honoured with more serious and cultured liking than that of the *genre* historical. Notorious are the names of dexterous craftsmen who supply these each spring-time to the picture-book in Piccadilly. And Miss Marjorie Bowen, as dexterous as any, we grow to expect her also, with her word-painting of the quaintness, the gallantry, and the quarrels of the seventeenth century. Above all, the quaintness, for the historical picture without costume is unimaginable. The magnificence and detail of Miss Bowen's sixteenth-century wardrobes should make Sir Herbert's mouth to water. Nothing is more adorable about her hero than that single earring—a pearl in his right ear, "from which depended a lock of fair hair, skilfully and tightly plaited." One misses from his head that aureole of devoted enthusiasm which her sainted William of Orange was wont to wear. Don Juan is just a beautiful and royal young knight with a bar sinister, who loved too wisely to love well. But his ruffs are quite unsuited to aureoles. They are always pointed with gold or sewn with pearls. "My life has been like a gaudy tale told to amuse a child," said he dying,

and perhaps there is something in the estimate. But it is all very dazzling—the air sometimes thick with Turkish arrows felling "the flower of Christendom," or sinister with an *auto-da-fé*, or ominous of disaster in "those miserable provinces still under the spell of that thrice-damned heretic, the Prince of Orange." The great Charles the Fifth is a shadowy, princely father behind Juan; Philip, his half-brother, King of Spain, his maker and his breaker, has his portrait darkly painted—Macaulay would have applauded—in shadows of fanatical piety and dull animalism. Like her famous compeers, the illustrators of the picture-book in Piccadilly, Miss Bowen observes sufficiently the laws of anatomy. Her figures move, they are even animated. But what if one applied to them the terrible Carlylean test!—stripped them of their embroidered doublets, their *toisons d'or*, their fur-lined purple mantles, their billowing silks, pearl-stitched and glittering, till they stood shivering, a group of forked radishes!

"The Call of the Siren."

By HAROLD SPENDER.
(Mills and Boon.)

The weak point in the lore of siren-calls is that no man but the called hears the siren. He has generally been too broken up to give a convincing account of her. Alice Dubois suffers from this drawback. She may have been a siren, but it must be taken on trust. As to Oliver Martin, he will please neither the men nor the women. Reluctant to love, and counting the cons with ready promptitude, he will have less success with his fair readers than he meets between the pages of his story. Nor will his average career, conducted on quite average lines, inflame the men with admiration. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Oliver was dull, and is only redeemed from the curse at one golden moment, wherein all are radiant, when to be young is very heaven. He may, for all one knows, have been even brilliant some of those nights at "Roche's" or the "Cheshire Cheese"; ambrosial nights at cosy little restaurants in Soho, or close to Leicester Square; "Society rebuilt, tears wiped away, a Paradise brought down to this dull earth perfumed with the scent of coffee and tobacco-smoke." Otherwise it is a dull earth indeed, upon which Martin plodded from journalism to a foreign secretaryship, and thence to an oblivion in the East (of London), from which we are told a new Oliver emerged. Like the siren, the novelty in the shape of Oliver as "a formative and creative force" must be taken on trust. But we are told that while the West (of London) scourged, the East worshipped! Journalism is usually a dog to beat in a novel, but editorial shamelessness eclipses itself by a quoted paragraph from a weekly Society journal. After a scandal to which names are freely affixed: "We" (editor) "wonder what Mr. — thinks of it. Or has he come to the point of being already glad to part

(Continued overleaf.)

MOTOR OWNERS' PETROL COMBINE, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

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DIVIDED INTO

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600,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH.

800,000 DEFERRED SHARES OF 1s. EACH.

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To be issued in Debentures of £100 and £20 each, convertible into fully-paid Ordinary Shares at par on or before Dec. 31, 1914, at the option of the Debenture-holder. Interest payable half-yearly commencing on July 1, 1913, and thereafter on Jan. 1 and July 1 in each year.

Debentures not exchanged for shares will be redeemable at 5 per cent. premium, by regular drawings, the Company agreeing to set aside a sum of £11,000 every six months as from Jan. 1, 1915, for payment of interest and redeeming the Debentures. The first of such drawings to be made on July 1, 1915, and thereafter at the end of each half-year until all the Debentures have been extinguished, but the Company may redeem the Debentures at the said premium at any earlier date by giving six months' notice.

ALL THE DEBENTURES AND SHARES (except 350,000 Ordinary Shares which are reserved for Debenture conversions and future issue and 400,000 Deferred Shares) will be offered or subscription at par, on the terms of the full Prospectus, dated Jan. 24, 1913, payable as follows—

	On Application	On Allotment	One month after Allotment	Two months after Allotment	Three months after Allotment
Rs. per Share.	10	10	10	10	10
For Debentures 10 per cent.	4s.	5s.	5s.	5s.	5s.
	15	25	25	25	25

Interest at 5 per cent. per annum will be allowed if paid in full in advance. The Deferred Shares are payable in full on Application.

THE ORDINARY SHARES will be entitled to 10 per cent. dividends per annum in priority to the Deferred Shares and in addition thereto, a further 10 per cent. share of all Surplus Profits as and when distributed. THE PREFERENCE SHARES will be entitled to 5 per cent. of all such Surplus Profits in addition to their 8 per cent. Cumulative Dividend. The Preference have priority over Ordinary and Deferred Shares in respect of capital and Ordinary over Deferred Shares, any surplus assets being divisible as to one-fourth part thereof to the Ordinary Shareholders and the balance to the Deferred Shareholders. The rights attached to the several classes of shares may be modified in accordance with clause 70 of the Articles.

All Applicants will be entitled to an allotment at par, of 15, 25 or 40 Deferred Shares of 1s. each, for every £100 of Debentures, Preference or Ordinary Shares respectively which may be allotted to them, subject to due payment of the above Calls. They will thus become entitled to receive a substantial share of the Surplus Profits in addition to the specified interest or dividends on their invested capital. It is proposed also that holders of not less than £50 shall be paid out of the surplus profits, a bonus on their purchases, thus affording them some protection against increases in the price of petrol, while leaving this Company free to take full advantage of such increases—on its sales to non-investing consumers—for the further benefit of its own Shareholders.

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The LORD ARTHUR CECIL, The Mount, Brockenhurst, Hants (Chairman of British-Austrian Oil Investment Company, Ltd., and Director of the Anglo-Continental Supply Company, Ltd.).
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LLOYD'S BANK, LTD., St. James's Street, London, S.W., Head Office, Lombard Street, and all Branches.
THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LTD., 62, Lombard Street, London, E.C.; Head Office, Edinburgh, and Branches in Scotland.

SOLICITORS:

For the Company—BIRCHAM AND CO., 46, Parliament Street, Westminster, S.W., and 50, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.
For the Vendors—SEATLE AND MORRISON, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

AUDITORS:

PRICE, WATERHOUSE AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 3, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

BROKERS:

PAUL E. SCHWEDER AND CO., 9, Drapers Gardens, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES (pro tem.):

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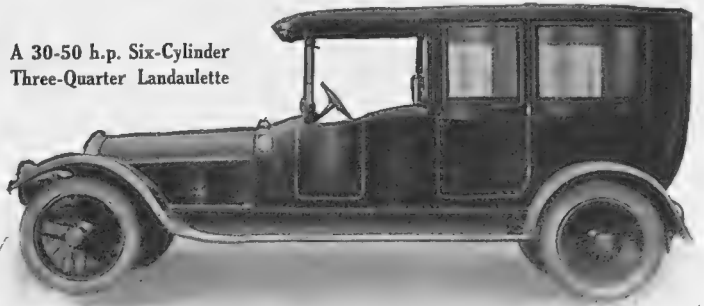
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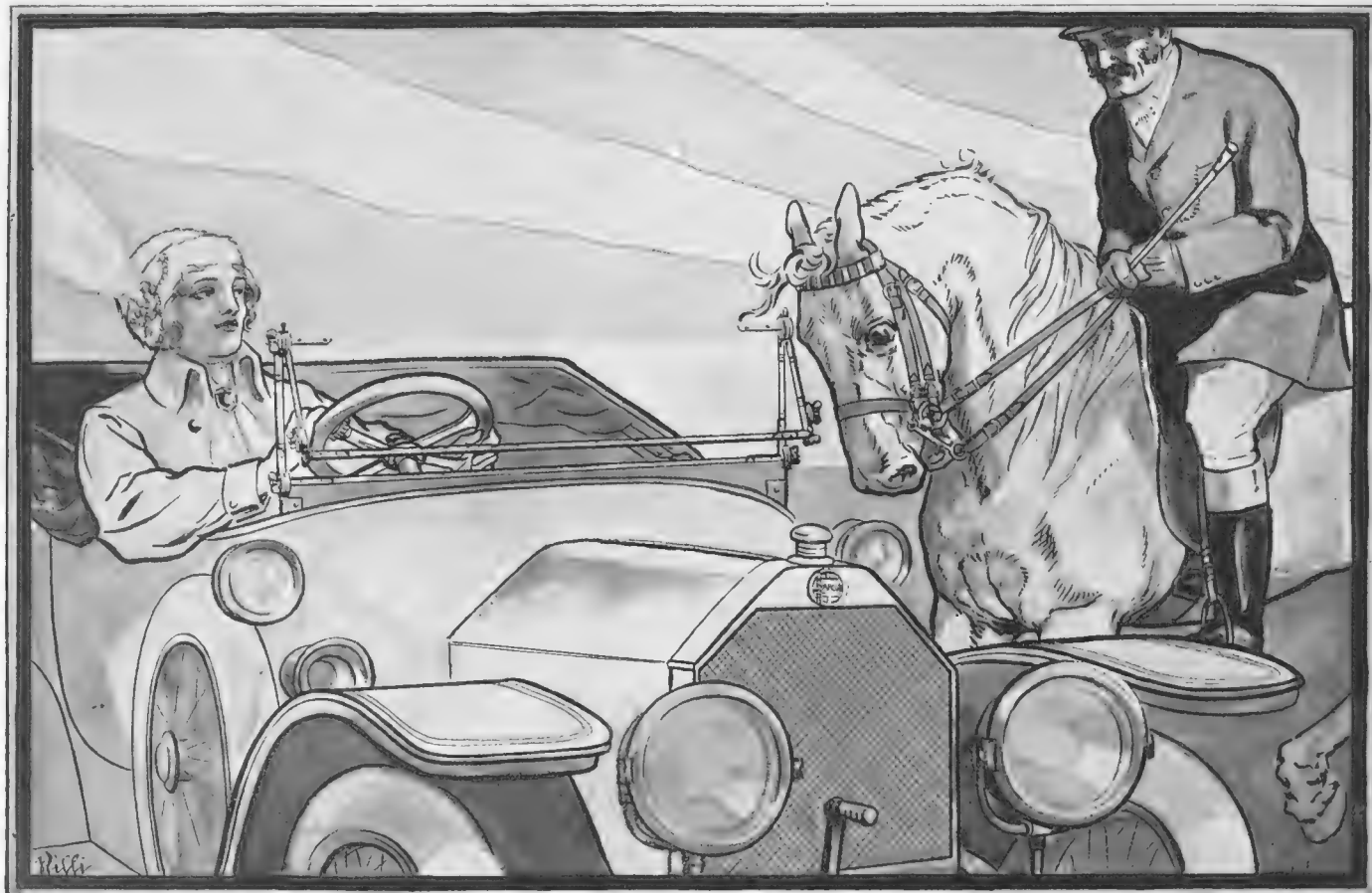
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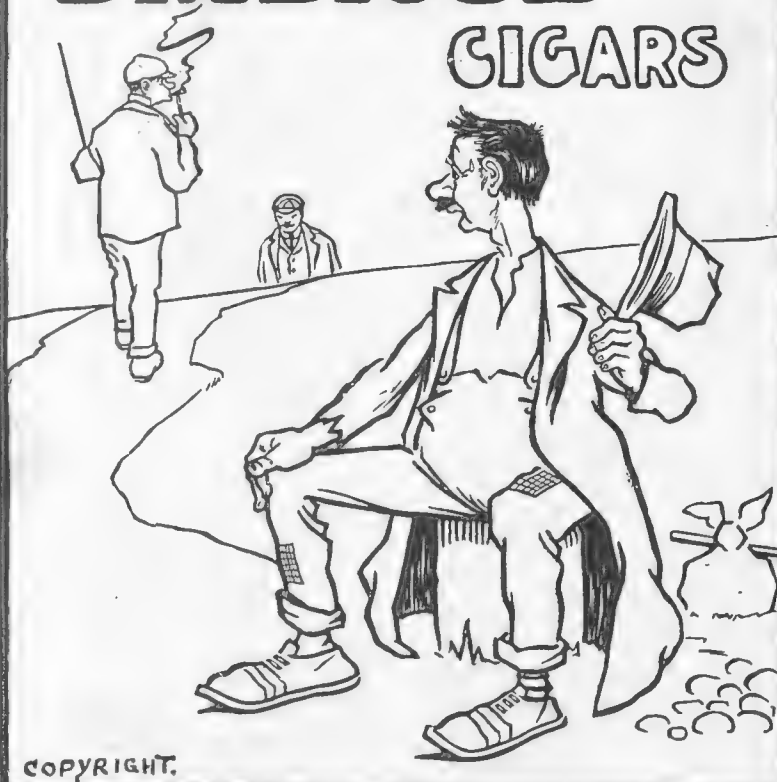
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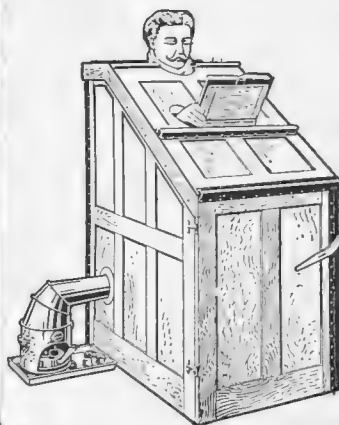


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Tramp (disgustedly) : 'Ang it all, after i've follered 'im two mile for that cigar end i'm blest if he don't finish it on 'is penknife!

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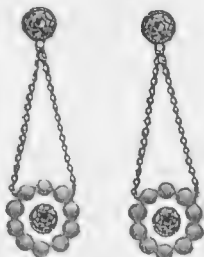
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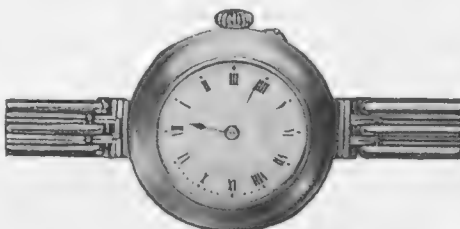


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EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES.

No. 9.—The Parisian Daimler.

To many motorists of to-day mention of the 1000-Miles' Trial of 1900 conveys nothing. Yet this time thirteen years ago it was the one absorbing topic of conversation in motoring circles. The tour was undertaken with two main ideas: (1) as a reliability trial, and (2) as a capital method of familiarising the general public with the motor-car. A start was made from Hyde Park Corner on Monday, 23rd April, some sixty vehicles of one kind and another taking part, and the tour did not conclude until the 12th May. The route embraced many of the principal towns, such as Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Leeds, Newcastle, etc., and wherever a stop was made for the night an exhibition of the cars was held on the following day. Of the car illustrated below—a Parisian Daimler—several specimens went through with honour. If the trial showed the reliability of the cars, it demonstrated equally that the pneumatic tyre was far from perfect. But that was thirteen years ago, and much has been learnt since then, as well as forgotten. To-day the user of Dunlop tyres regards a 1000-miles' tour with equanimity, for the odds are greatly in favour of such a distance being covered without tyre trouble of any kind.

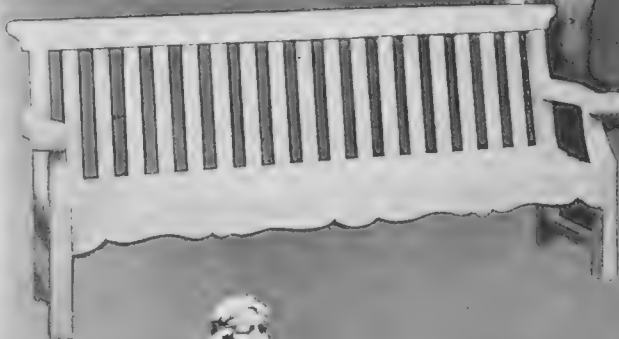
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1900



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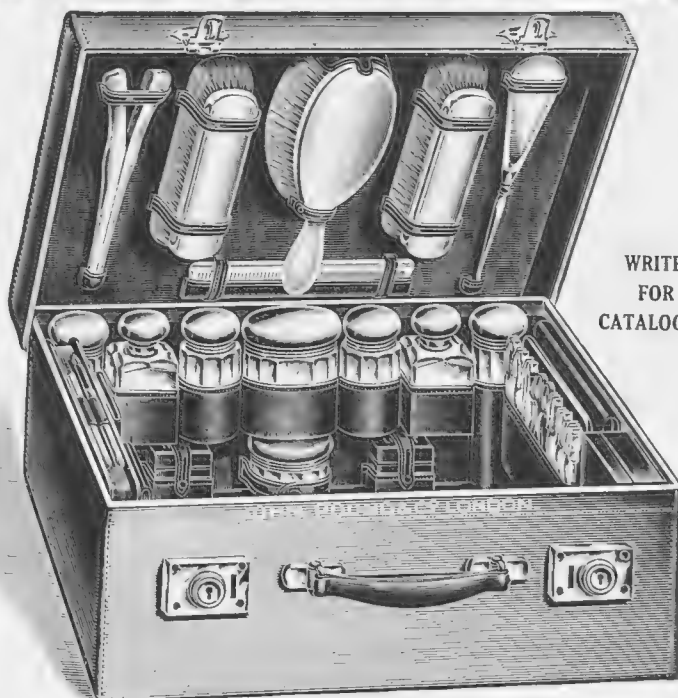
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As the Royal Sovereign glides over the paper, its sound is a light whisper, quite distinct from the grating harshness of any other pencil. The special process by which the lead of a Royal Sovereign is at once refined and toughened, gives its point a quite unique combination of silkiness and durability. No pressure is needed to make it write, so that it does not tire the hand, and erasures can be easily made. Get a Royal Sovereign. Test it against any other pencil, and you will see and hear and feel its immense superiority.

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THE WINDERMERE DISTRICT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

On the Slopes of the Selkirks.

Described as a land of glorious mountains and lovely valleys, British Columbia has no more beautiful area than the upper reaches of the Columbia Valley, lying between the Rockies and the Selkirk Mountains. Hitherto this district has been somewhat inaccessible, owing to the absence of any railway, but now a branch line of the Canadian Pacific is under construction south of Golden to the Windermere District, and the shores at the head of Lake Windermere are already dotted with new homes and the beginnings of orchards which will one day send their apples to the markets of the Canadian prairies or over to London or across the equator to Australasia.

Windermere Revisited.

A contributor to the illustrated paper *Canada*, who has just paid a visit to the Columbia Valley, wrote as follows in the issue of Nov. 9: "This summer I paid my third visit to the Valley, and more than ever before my heart was ensnared by its beauty. Canada has no more lovely province than British Columbia, and here all the charms of that most lovely Province seem to have been blended—river and mountain and lake, a road among the pine trees, balmy air, creeks running back deep into the hills, snug little farms with apples in the orchard, woods full of partridge, the thrum of an occasional sawmill, the smoke of clearing, tents of the ditch-builders, and overhead one vast, wide, sapphire sky.

"South of Spillimacheen the land is dry enough for irrigation, and of this the bench-land is suitable for growing the hardier types of early apples, such as Mackintosh Red, Wealthy, Duchess of Oldenburg, Grimes Golden, and Delicious. The elevation is higher than that of the Okanagan Valley, but is less than that at which commercial orchards thrive in the neighbourhood of Cranbrook, and is 1000 feet less than that of Calgary. It is a perfect mixed-farming country, with a clean-footed, healthy breed of horses, and its proximity both to the prairies and to the mining camps of the Kootenays makes its markets assured both for fruit and for farm produce.

"I was fortunate enough to visit the Windermere district at the time of the annual fair, and was glad to see how excellent and varied were the exhibits of farm produce. The first prize went to General Poett, and a splendid exhibit his was. The list of entries bristled with the names of ex-army officers, who seem to excel in the art of growing enormous potatoes and positively colossal mangolds. At the race-meeting held on the Invermere polo ground five hundred spectators saw good running by some of the prettiest thoroughbreds ever seen in any country. Capt. R. Grant Thorold, who breeds polo

ponies at Dutch Creek, is one of those responsible for this commendable enterprise."

The following are extracts from the Official British Columbia Government Bulletin—

Climate.

"The climate is healthful and enjoyable at all seasons, although the temperature shows a wide variation. Blizzards and cyclones are unknown, and bright, sunny weather, winter and summer, is the rule. The summers are dry, with occasional hot days, the mean temperature being about 60 deg. and the maximum 95 deg. Fahr. The heat, being dry, is not oppressive; it is modified by light winds passing over the glaciers and snow-caps of the mountains, and the nights are always cool. The mean maximum temperature in winter is 53 deg., and the mean minimum 23 deg., the range being from 68 above zero to 36 deg. below. The winters are dry, crisp and bracing, clear skies and bright sunshiny days and calm starry nights prevailing.

Game.

"The Valley is noted for the opportunities which it offers to the big-game hunter. In a province which may be described as a vast game preserve, it shelters a greater variety of wild animals than any other district. Grizzly and black bears, elk, moose, cariboo, mountain sheep, goats, white-tailed and mule deer, and many smaller animals are plentiful. Ducks and geese swarm in the lakes, ponds, and lagoons, and willow, blue and Franklin grouse, and prairie chicken are numerous on the flats and benches.

"The rivers and lakes afford good sport to the angler, as there is abundance of fish of many kinds, the Dolly Varden, cut-throat trout, and the char being the most common. From a sportsman's point of view this attractive field is easily accessible, as a few hours from a railway station or steamboat landing finds him in the heart of the game country."

Where to Get the Land.

Fifty thousand acres in the Windermere District of the Columbia Valley are being prepared for settlement by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company, and a number of families have had houses built for them and have settled down in their new homes. A great many more have the intention of going there this spring and summer. Anyone who desires further information about this district should write to or call at the offices of the Land Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.; 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol; Royal Liver Building, Pierhead, Liverpool; or 116, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

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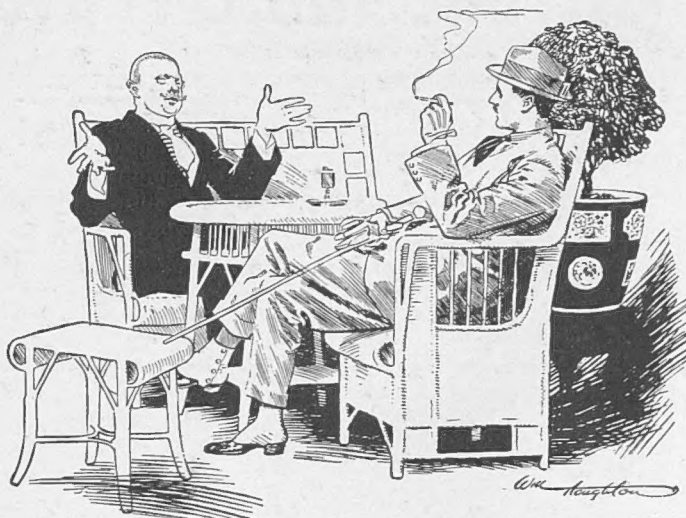
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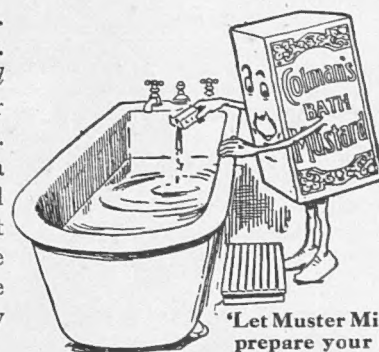
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from his fair but rather flighty consort?" Journalism like this could scarcely maintain a "dull earth"—or is Oliver's *milieu* so dull that any bad taste would be welcomed by its denizens?

"The Sword."

By C. A. BENTON.
(Chapman and Hall.)

It would be unwise to test the temper of "The Sword" too severely. On the surface it is a lightly written and easily read account of some people, Bohemian and otherwise, who mean well and want to be happy like the most of us. Désirée earns her living in a delightful way, while her husband is in gaol. Desultory sonnet-writing, and a morning's application now and then at a task of illumination for some publishers, enabled her to dress perfectly, entertain freely, and play golf or sail her boat whenever the weather permitted. Nothing threatened her future but her husband's release, then growing imminent. His crime had been fraudulent, and his good conduct was hastening the moment Désirée dreaded. But Désirée, to whom life might have been an idyll, was a heroine, and therefore, it had to be "one long-drawn-out warfare." Her generosity caused her to espouse the cause of a pair of young lovers. And from the moment she faced her protégée's fiancé his heart called to hers—and contrariwise, as Tweedledee would say. Thence, the sword of righteousness which is flourished remorsefully between them by a Catholic priest. And what sympathy is left over from the interesting lovers may be directed on the hapless man presently emerging from prison.

Both players and playgoers always find abundance of interest in "The Stage Year-Book," the 1913 edition of which has now been issued from the offices of the *Stage*, 16, York Street, Covent Garden. It gives a full record of the past year's theatrical events, with articles by Laurence Housman, J. N. Raphael, and others, verses by Mostyn Pigott, and copious illustrations.

Exceptionally fine photographs of animals, birds, fishes and insects in their natural haunts, accompanying articles by well-known naturalists, are the chief feature of a new illustrated monthly, called *Wild Life*, edited by Mr. Douglas English, and issued by the *Wild Life* Publishing Company, Dudley House, Southampton Street, Strand. The magazine is the outcome of the Zoological Photographic Club's Exhibition last year. It is to be sold only by subscription, and, as no back numbers will be obtainable, those who wish to possess it from the beginning would be well-advised to apply early to the publishers.

ÆSOP IN COLOUR: THE DETMOLD EDITION.

Æsop, as an author, is an even more elusive person than Shakespeare or Homer. He was a Phrygian slave who obtained his freedom, and was sent by Cræsus, the Carnegie of antiquity, with a donation to Delphi, possibly to found a free library there. But Æsop seems to have fallen foul of the Delphians, and would not part with the dollars. Perhaps he had spent them. Anyhow, they pitched him over a precipice. His originality as a fabulist has been much disputed by the commentators, some of whom say the fables came from India, others from Egypt. Æsop gave them a Greek form, but no text of his version remains, and it is doubtful whether he ever put it in writing. Its contents have come down through the work of later people like Babrius and Phædrus. In spite of the vagueness of his claims to authorship, however, Æsop continues to hold his own with the publishers. Several illustrated editions bearing his name have appeared quite recently, among them a sumptuous volume, entitled "The Fables of Æsop" (Hodder and Stoughton), illustrated in colour and in black-and-white by Edward J. Detmold. The editor of this edition has dealt guardedly with the literary problem. He does not tell us the name of the English translator; he does not tell us his own: in fact, he discreetly says nothing at all. So we are left with Æsop's reputation, some three hundred-odd fables, and Mr. Detmold's delightful illustrations. The twenty-three colour-plates are mostly in that artist's well-known decorative manner, of which, by the way, some charming examples appeared in the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*.

In connection with the double-page of photographs of tobogganing in Switzerland, given in our issue of the 15th, it should have been stated that four of the photographs (Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6) were by A. G. Wehrli, of Zurich.

So successful was the ball given on the 21st at Prince's Galleries, Piccadilly, by the Austro-Hungarian Reserve Officers' Club, in aid of their national White Cross Society, that it is to become an annual event. Count Mensdorff, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and Countess Trauttmansdorff-Weinberg acted as host and hostess, and many distinguished members of the diplomatic world were present.

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